oliver!

BY

LIONEL BART

LAKEVIEW MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
ESSEX HOUSE,
19-20 POLAND STREET, LONDON W1V 3DD.

HA.

3

CLASS No. 782·8154 BAR
BART, L
OLIVER!
BOOK No. 232858

Please return or renew on or before the LATEST date stamped on the above card.

To renew quote card number, latest date on card and details written above. Fines will be charged on overdue books.

DO NOT REMOVE THE CARD

THIS BOOK IS STOCK-TAKING

THE STOCKPORT PUBLIC LIBRARIES
Central Lending Library

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday } 9–8
Saturday 9–1 ~~Thursday 9–1~~

CASEMENT

SET OF 20 (4)

NEW THEATRE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

DONALD ALBERY
(for Donmar Productions Limited)

PRESENTS

RON MOODY

GEORGIA BROWN PAUL WHITSUN-JONES

OLIVER!

ADAPTED FROM DICKEN'S "OLIVER TWIST"

WITH

HOPE JACKMAN DANNY SEWELL
KEITH HAMSHERE MARTIN HORSEY

BOOK, MUSIC AND LYRICS BY

LIONEL BART

Directed by PETER COE

Designed by SEAN KENNY

Musical Director MARCUS DODS

Musical arrangements by ERIC ROGERS

Lighting by JOHN WYCKHAM

VOCAL SCORE
(by JOHN EVANS)

£2.95

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF STOCKPORT
LIBRARIES
CB
232858 782.8154 BAR

LAKEVIEW MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
ESSEX HOUSE,
19-20 POLAND STREET, LONDON W1V 3DD.

Sole selling agents: MUSIC SALES LTD., 78 Newman Street, London W.1.

Printed in England by WEST CENTRAL PRINTING CO. LTD., London W.1.

First performance at the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, June 30, 1960

OLIVER!

THE CAST

(in order of appearance)

OLIVER TWIST	KEITH HAMSHERE
WORKHOUSE BOYS AND FAGIN'S GANG	CHARLES BROWN, JONATHAN COLLINS, PETER EVELEIGH, PATRICK FURLOUGH, MICHAEL GOODMAN, CLIVE GREEN, BRIAN LEWIS, DENNIS MALLARD, STEPHEN MARRIOTT, BARRY NEWNHAM, NICHOLAS NORMAN, TONY ROBINSON, ALAN SHORTLAND, ROYSTON THOMAS
MR. BUMBLE	PAUL WHITSUN-JONES
WIDOW CORNEY	HOPE JACKMAN
MR. SOWERBERRY	BARRY HUMPHRIES
MRS. SOWERBERRY..	SONIA FRASER
CHARLOTTE	APPLE BROOK
NOAH CLAYPOLE	TREVOR RAY
THE ARTFUL DODGER	MARTIN HORSEY
LONDONERS ..	SALLY BITTON, ANNA LEROY, JEAN ANN PAGE, JANET PATE, ELIZABETH PERRY, JULIA SUTTON, DAVID BEAUMONT, JONATHAN BROMLEY, ERIC HOLMES, ROB INGLIS, ROBERT KEMP, LARRY OAKS, STANLEY PRICE, BRIAN SCOTT, JIM SPARROW
FAGIN	RON MOODY
NANCY	GEORGIA BROWN
BET	DIANE GRAY
MR. BROWNLOW	GEORGE BISHOP
BILL SYKES	DANNY SEWELL
MRS. BEDWIN	MADELEINE NEWBURY
DR. GRIMWIG	CLAUDE JONES
OLD SALLY..	BETTY TURNER

OLIVER!

MUSICAL CONTENTS

NO.			PAGE
	ACT I		
1	Overture and Opening Scene		1
2	Chorus (*with Oliver and Boys*)	" Food, Glorious Food "	2
3	Chorus (*with Mr. Bumble and Widow Corney*)	" Oliver "	12
3a	End of Scene		15
4	Duet (*Widow Corney and Mr. Bumble*)	" I Shall Scream "	16
5	Song (*Mr. Bumble*)	" Boy for Sale "	22
6	Trio (*Mr. Sowerberry, Mrs. Sowerberry and Mr. Bumble*)	" That's Your Funeral "	24
6a	Coffin Music		28
7	Song (*Oliver*)	" Where Is Love ? "	29
8	Next Morning		31
8a	The Fight		32
8b	Oliver's Escape		34
9	Song (*The Artful Dodger, Oliver and Chorus*)	" Consider Yourself "	36
10	Encore (*Chorus*)	" Consider Yourself "	48
11	Song (*Fagin, with the Boys*)	" Pick a Pocket or Two "	51
12	Intermezzo		58
13	Duet (*Nancy and Bet with the Boys*)	" It's a Fine Life "	58
14	Ensemble (*The Artful Dodger, Nancy, Oliver, Bet, Fagin and the Boys*)	" I'd Do Anything "	64
14a	Melos	" I'd Do Anything "	68
15	Song (*Fagin, The Artful Dodger and the Boys*	" Be Back Soon "	69
15a	Capture of Oliver		75
	ACT II		
16	Song (*Nancy and Chorus*)	" Oom-Pah-Pah "	80
17	Song (*Bill Sykes*)	" My Name "	90
18	Song (*Nancy*)	" As Long as He Needs Me "	94
19	Change of Scene		97
20	Reprise (*Mrs. Bedwin*)	" Where Is Love ? "	98
21	Ensemble (*Oliver, Street Criers and Chorus*)	" Who Will Buy ? "	99
22	Change of Scene		108
23	Reprise (*Nancy, Bill Sykes, Fagin and The Artful Dodger*)	" It's a Fine Life "	109
24	Song (*Fagin*)	" Reviewing the Situation "	112
24a	Change of Scene		120
24b	Change of Scene		120
25	Reprise (*Widow Corney and Mr. Bumble*)	" Oliver "	121
26	Reprise (*Nancy*)	" As Long as He Needs Me "	123
27	London Bridge		126
28	Reprise (*Fagin*)	" Reviewing the Situation "	133
	FINALE		
29	Reprise (*Boys*)	" Food, Glorious Food "	135
30	Reprise (*Company*)	" Consider Yourself "	136
31	Reprise (*Oliver and Company*)	" I'd Do Anything "	138
32	Exit Music		140

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The place is London. The time about 1850.

ACT I

Scene 1. The Workhouse—early evening

Scene 2. The Workhouse Parlour—later (into Street)

Scene 3. The Undertaker's

Scene 4. The Undertaker's—Next morning

Scene 5. Paddington Green—Morning, a week later.

Scene 6. The Thieves' Kitchen—Later (into Street)

ACT II

Scene 1. The " Three Cripples " a Public House in Clerkenwell—The following evening (into Street)

Scene 2. The Brownlows' Morning Room—Two weeks later

Scene 3. The Thieves' Kitchen—(ending in Street Area)

Scene 4. The Workhouse—A few days later (into Street)

Scene 5. The Brownlows' House—(into Street)

Scene 6. London Bridge—Midnight (using Street Area)

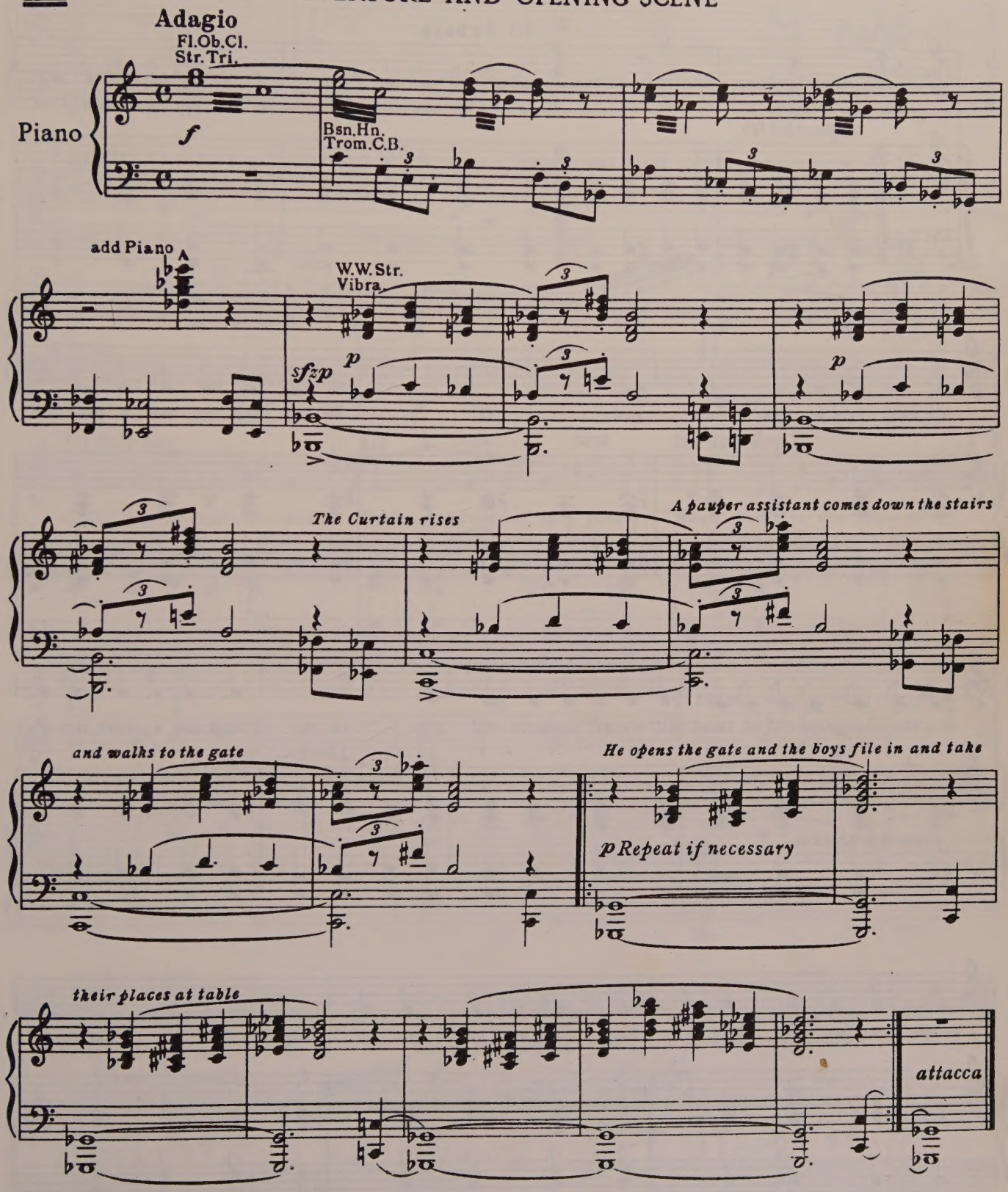
FINALE

London Bridge

OLIVER!

LIONEL BART

No. 1 OVERTURE AND OPENING SCENE

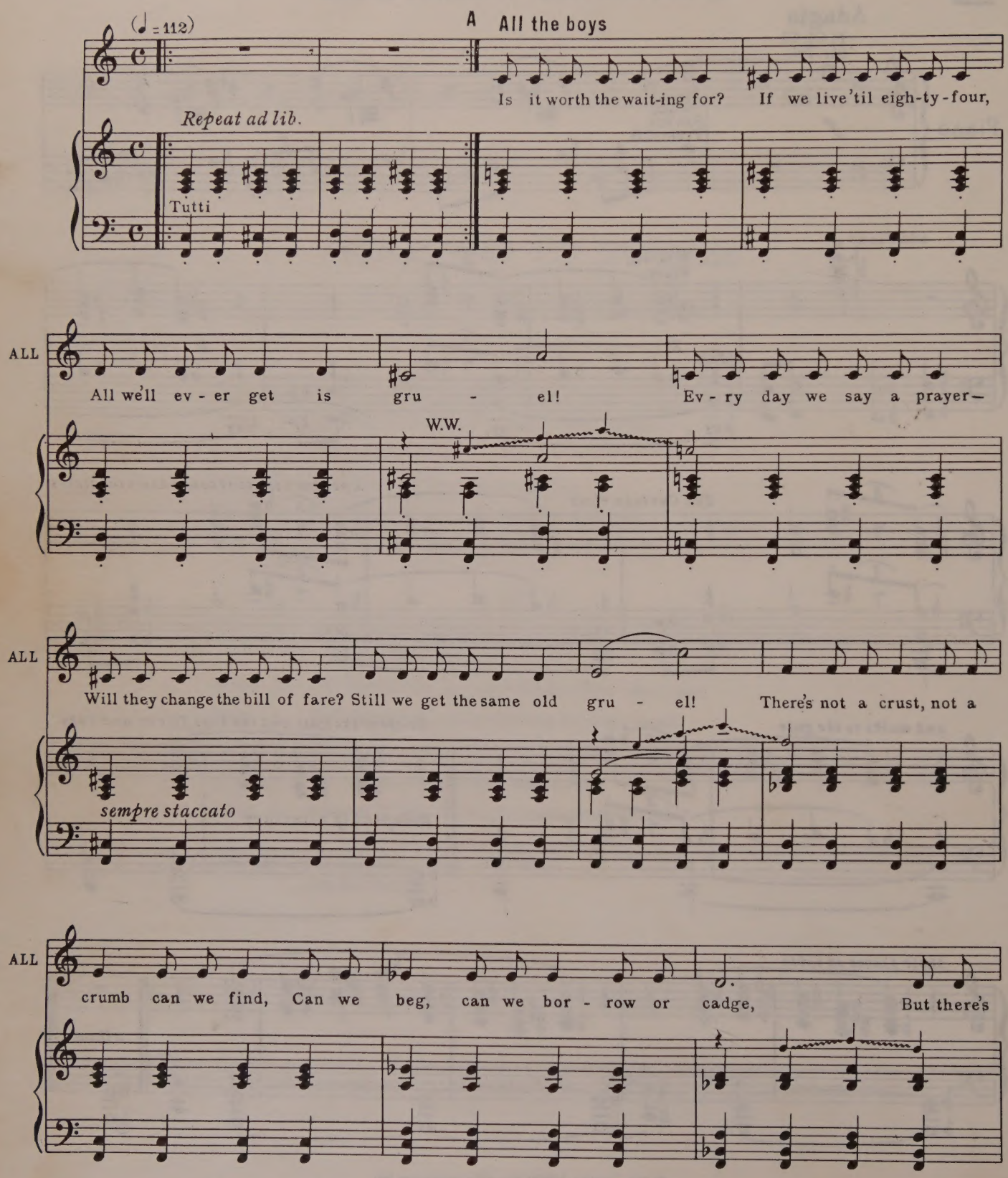


© Copyright 1960 for all Countries by
LAKEVIEW MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD., Essex House, 19-20 Poland Street, London W1V 3DD.
International Copyright Secured. Made in England. All rights reserved.

Act I

No 2 CHORUS—(with Oliver and 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Solo Boys)

"FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD"



ALL

noth - ing to stop us from get - ting a thrill when we all close our eyes and i - mag - ine

B Lento (♩ = 50) *The boys begin wistfully and build excitement as the image they describe becomes more vivid*

ALL

Food, glo - ri - ous food! Hot saus-age and mus-tard! While we're in the mood—

Fl.

W.W. Str.

1st Solo Boy

Cold jel - ly and cus-tard!

All

Pease pud-ding and sa - ve-loys

2nd Solo Boy

"What next?" is the ques-tion.

All

Rich gen-tle - men have it boys

rit.

In - dye - ges - tion!

rit.

Trom. (Wa-Wa)

C *The boys begin to rise from table*

Food, glo - ri - ous food!

Fl.

W.W. Str.

ALL

with fervour

We're an-xious to try it.

Three ban-quets a day—

Our fa-vour-ite di - et!

poco a poco accel.

Oliver

ALL

2nd Solo Boy rit. All 3rd Solo Boy

Just pic-ture a great big steak—Fried, roast-ed or stewed. Oh, food, won-der-ful food, mar-vel-lous

add Br.

rit.

All

Vivo (♩ = 160)

food, Glo-ri-ous food

Br.

add W.W.

Str. Bsn.

D

The boys mime carrying food

ALL

Food, glo-ri-ous food! What is there more

W.W.

ALL

hand-some? Gulped, swal-lowed or chewed

ALL

Still worth a King's Ran-som

E

What is it we

ALL

dream a - bout? What brings on a sigh?

1st Solo Boy

Piled peach - es and cream a - bout

All

Six feet

ALL

high! Food, glo - ri - ous food!

F *The boys mime eating*

W.W.

ALL

Eat right through the me - nu. Just loos - en your

ALL

belt Two inch - es and then you

G

ALL

Work up a new ap - pe - tite In this in - ter -

ALL

- lude Then food, once a - gain food, fa - bu - lous

2nd Solo Boy

All

3rd Solo Boy

etc.

All

food, Glo - ri - ous food!

rit.

rit.

One boy runs down R.

W.W. Str.

H *He conducts the other boys*

ALL

Food, glo - ri - ous food! Don't care what it looks like

Tutti

ALL

— Burned, un - der - done, crude Don't care what the

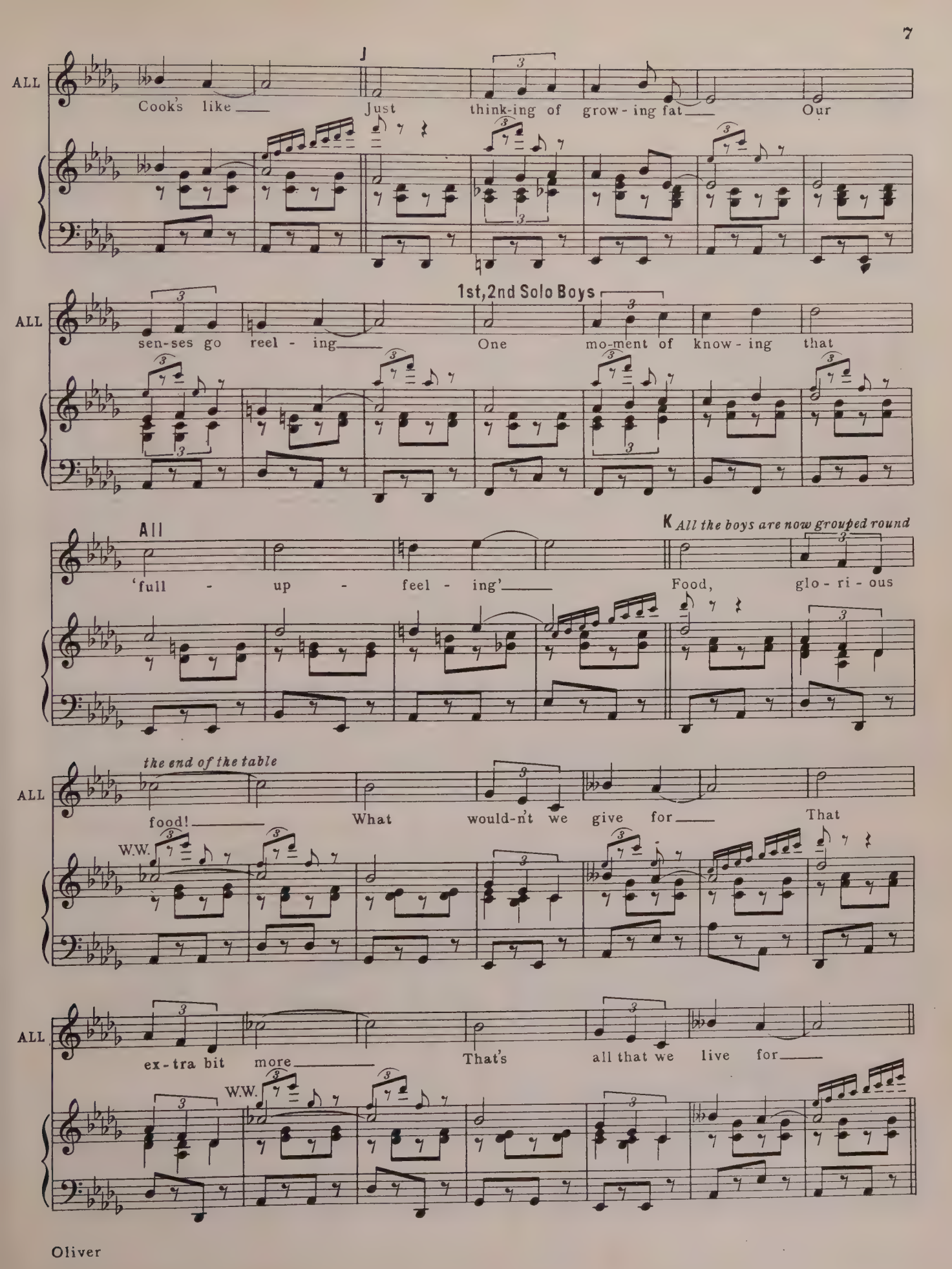
1st Solo Boy

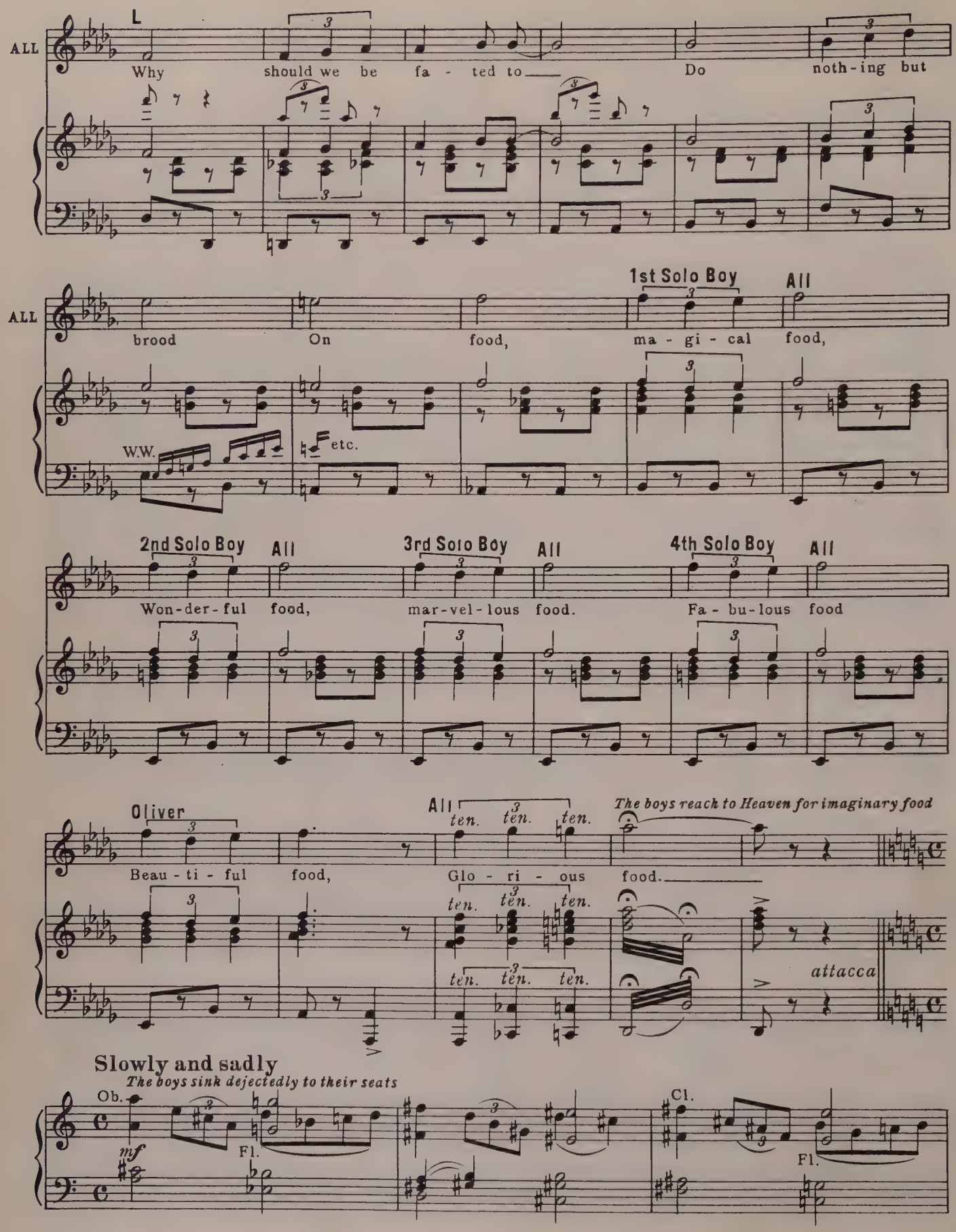
3rd Solo Boy

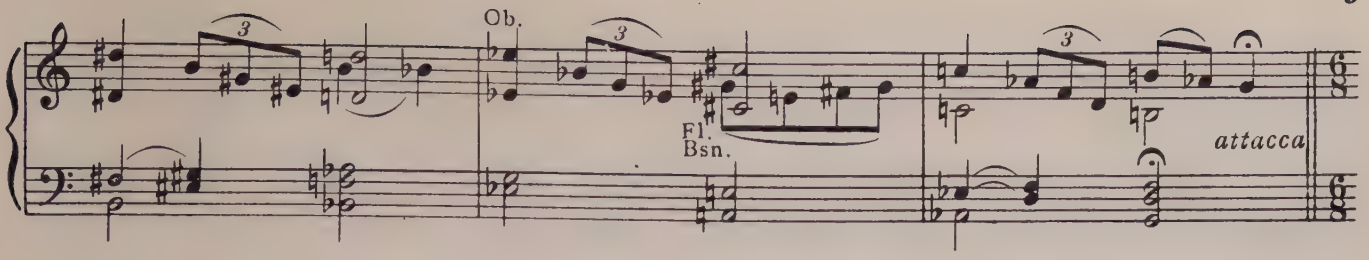
All

W.W. Str.

W.W.

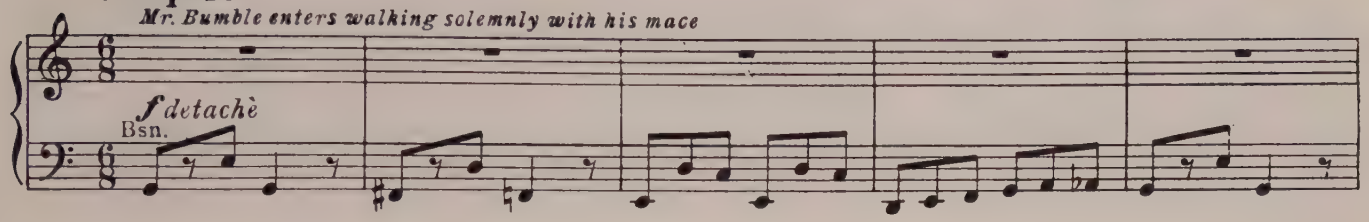

J
ALL
Cook's like
Just think-ing of grow-ing fat
Our
1st, 2nd Solo Boys
ALL
sen-ses go reel - ing
One mo-ment of know-ing that
All
'full - up - feel - ing'
K All the boys are now grouped round
Food, glo - ri - ous
the end of the table
ALL
food!
What would-n't we give for
That
W.W.
ALL
ex-tra bit more
That's all that we live for
W.W.


L
ALL
Why should we be fa - ted to
Do noth - ing but
ALL
brood On food,
1st Solo Boy
ma - gi - cal
All
food,
W.W.
etc.
2nd Solo Boy
Won - der - ful
All
food,
3rd Solo Boy
mar - vel - lous
All
food.
4th Solo Boy
Fa - bu - lous
All
food
Oliver
Beau - ti - ful
food,
All
ten. ten. ten.
Glo - ri - ous
food.
The boys reach to Heaven for imaginary food
attacca
Slowly and sadly
The boys sink dejectedly to their seats
Ob.
mf
Fl.
Cl.
Fl.



Pomposo

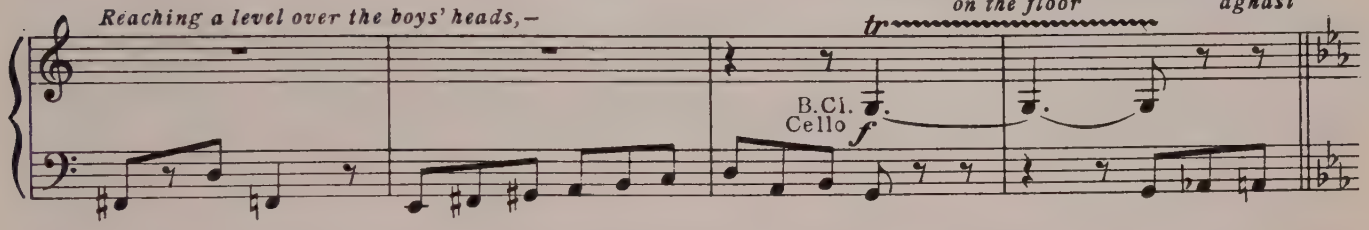
Mr. Bumble enters walking solemnly with his mace



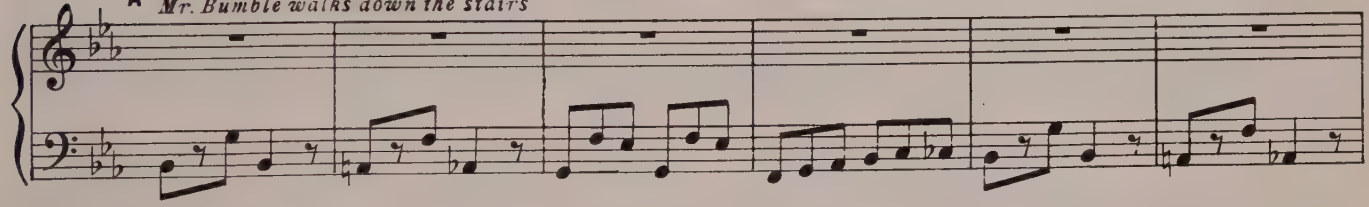
Reaching a level over the boys' heads,—

he bangs his mace on the floor

The boys look up aghast

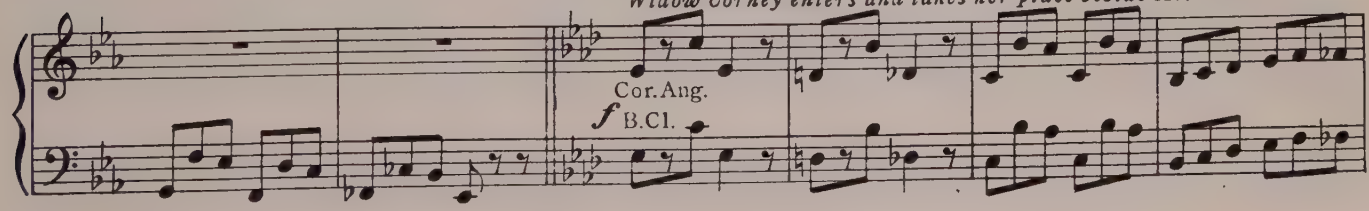


A *Mr. Bumble walks down the stairs*



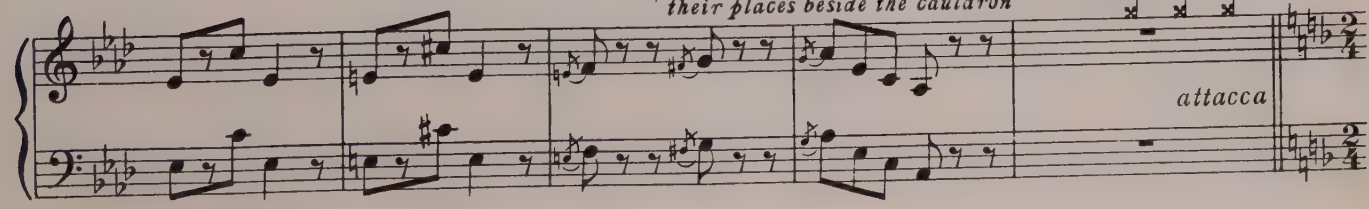
B **Un poco più mosso**

Widow Corney enters and takes her place beside Mr. Bumble



Two pauper assistants enter and take their places beside the cauldron

Mr. Bumble strikes the floor with his mace



C *The boys rise and file past the boiler. They are served with one ladleful each and return to their benches*

Fl.Ob.Xylo.

Ob.Cl.Vln.

Bsn.Trom.Cello

Fl.Ob.Xylo.

tr

Mr. Bumble (*intoned*) **Boys**

For what you are a - bout to re - ceive, may the Lord make you tru - ly thank - ful. A - men.

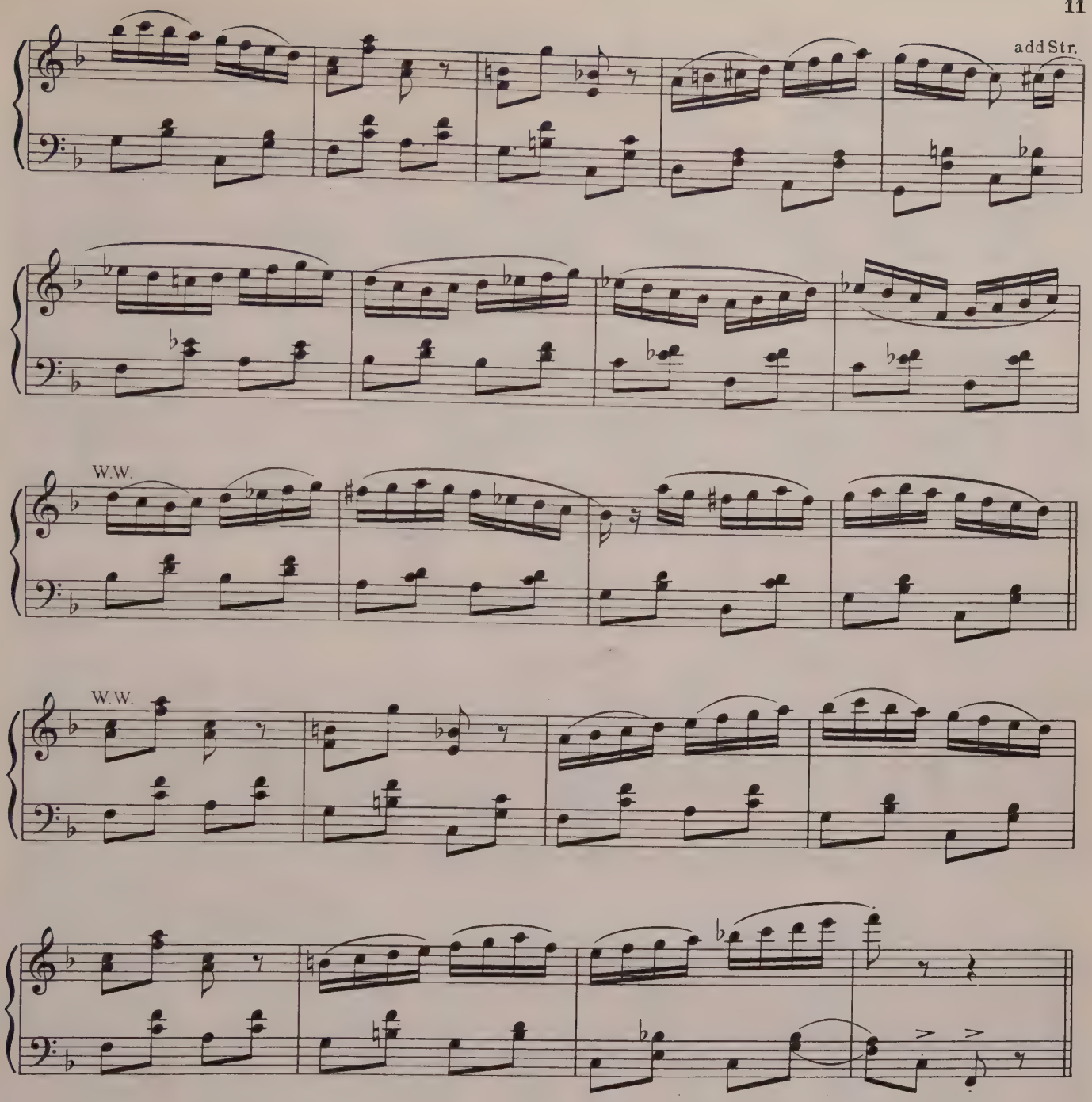
Mr. Bumble raises his mace and holds it aloft for several seconds. Then he brings it smartly down

attacca

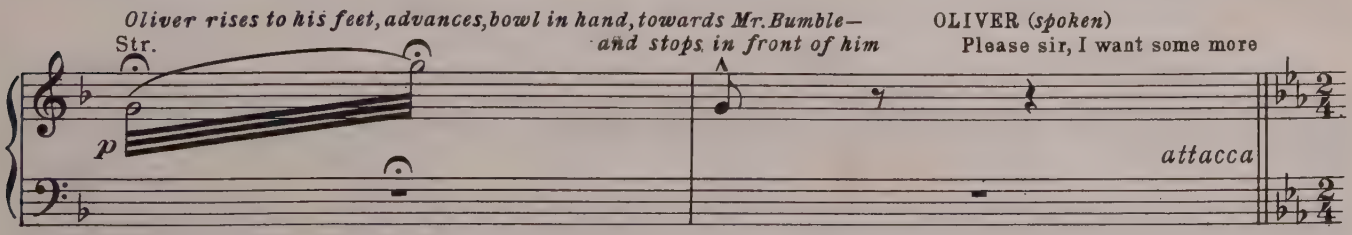
D **Presto**

The boys fall to eating like clockwork figures

W.W.

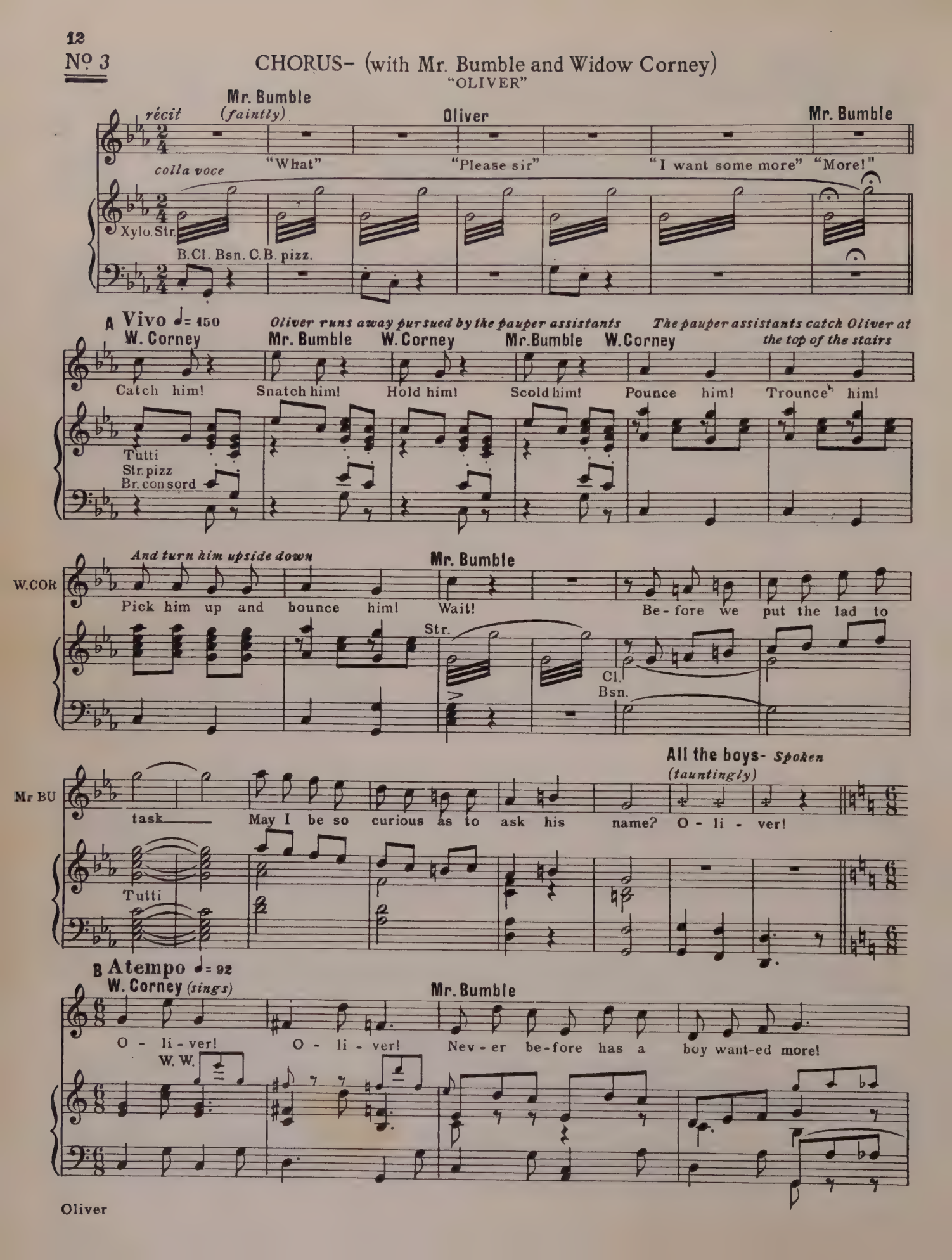


The boy on Oliver's right bangs his empty bowl on that of the boy on his right, who in turn picks the two bowls up and bangs them on that of the boy on his right, and so on round the table until the pile of bowls reaches Oliver who snatches his away just in time



Nº 3 CHORUS- (with Mr. Bumble and Widow Corney)

"OLIVER"



W. Corney and Mr. Bumble

Mr. Bumble

O - li - ver! O - li - ver Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a

C

Mr BU

dark, thin, wind - ing stair - way with - out an - y ban-nis-ter Which we'll

Cl.
Bsn.

Mr BU

throw him down, and feed him on cock-roach-es served in a can-nis-ter.

D

All

Mr. Bumble

O - li - ver! O - li - ver! What will he do when he's turned black and blue? He will

Oliver is forced to his knees in front of Mr. Bumble and the boys gather round him in a mocking circle.

All.

Mr BU

curse the day some - bo - dy named him O - li - ver.

Br.

E

W. Corney and Mr. Bumble — Mr. Bumble

O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Nev - er be-fore has a boy want-ed more.

W. Corney and Mr. Bumble — W. Corney — Mr. Bumble

O - li-ver! O - li-ver! Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a

F

Mr BU

soo - ty chim - ney, long ov - er - due for a sweep-ing out. — Which we'll

Mr BU

push him up, and one day next year with the rats he'll be creep-ing out.

G All Mr. Bumble

O - li - ver O - li - ver What will he do in this ter-ri-ble stew? He will rue the day

Mr BU All

some - bo - dy named him O - li - ver!

W. W.

W. CORNEY *(Spoken)* *(to pauper assistants.)* Lock him up! Find his belongings and bring him back when you've done.
(to the rest of the boys) To bed all of you.

Nº 3a

END OF SCENE

Presto

The boys are hustled off and Mr. Bumble and Widow Corney retire to the Widow's parlour for tea.

mf

1 2

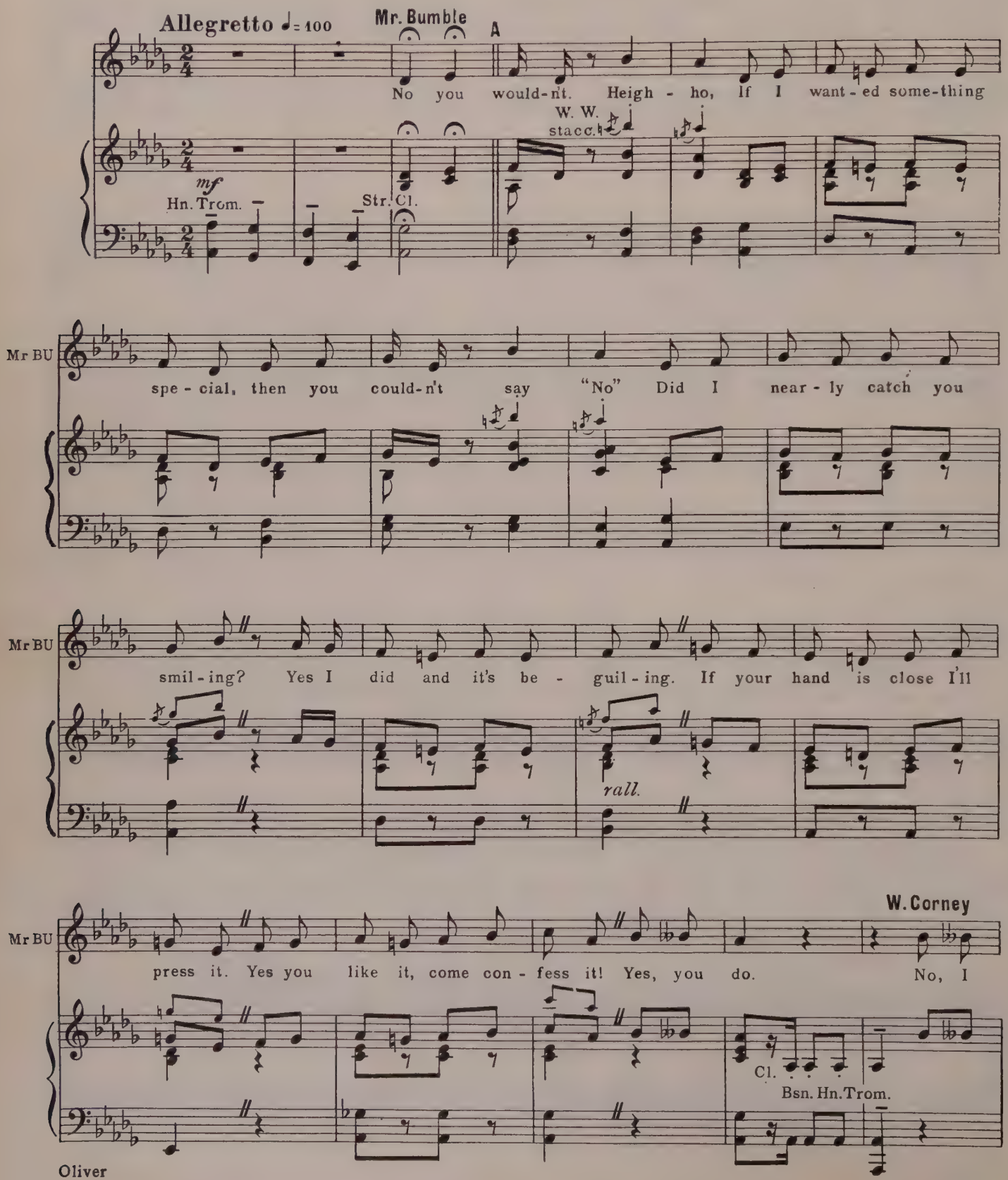
No 4

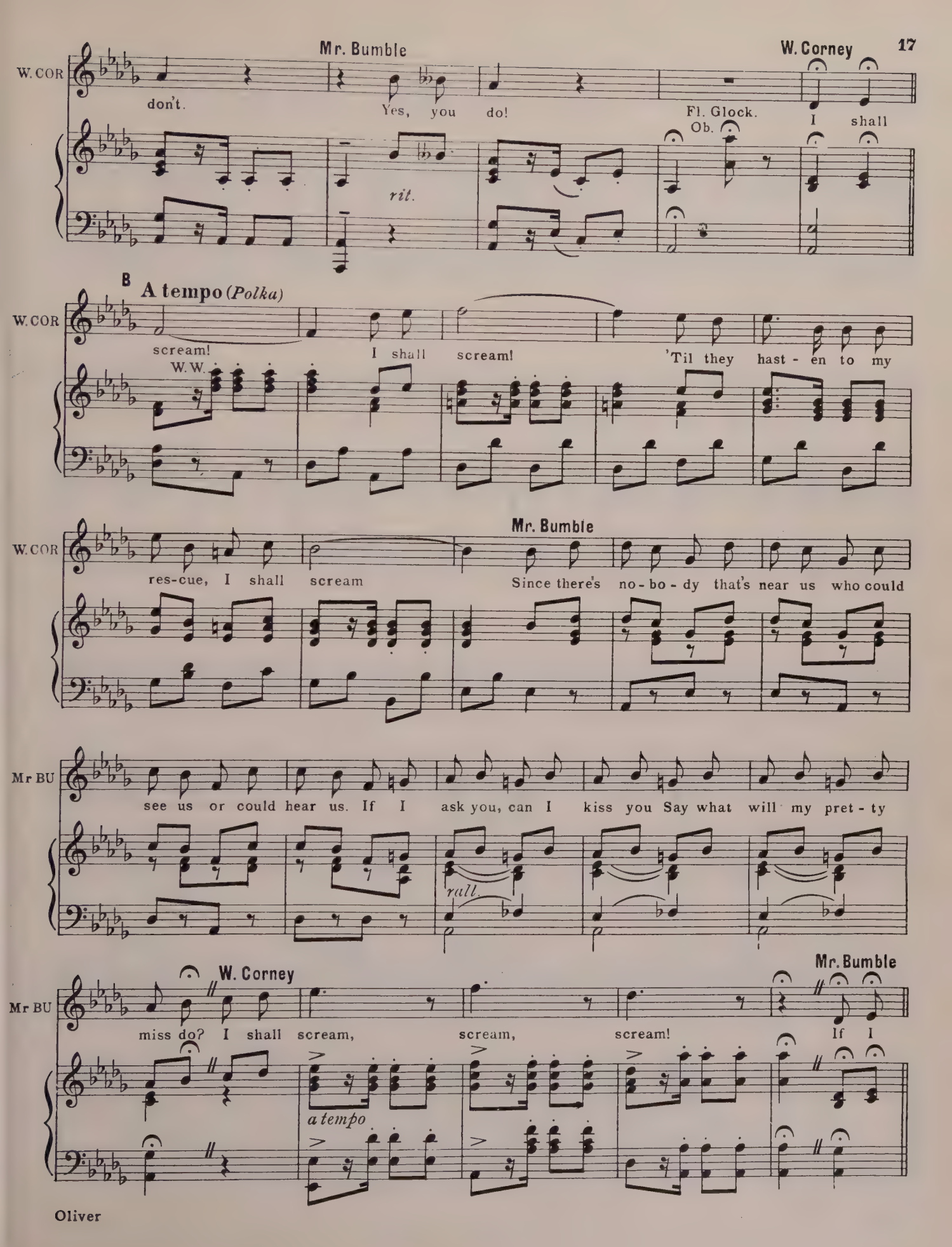
DUET – (Widow Corney and Mr. Bumble)

"I SHALL SCREAM"

Mr. Bumble puts down his teacup and kisses Widow Corney

Cue: W. CORNEY "Mr Bumble, I shall scream!"




W. COR
Mr. Bumble
W. Corney
don't.
Yes, you do!
Fl. Glock.
Ob.
I shall
rit.
B
A tempo (Polka)
W. COR
scream!
I shall scream!
'Til they hast - en to my
W. W.
W. COR
Mr. Bumble
res-cue, I shall scream
Since there's no - bo - dy that's near us who could
Mr BU
see us or could hear us. If I ask you, can I kiss you Say what will my pret - ty
rall.
Mr BU
W. Corney
Mr. Bumble
miss do? I shall scream, scream, scream!
If I
a tempo

A 2

Mr BU

pinch you one pinch From your shy pro-tec-tive shell can I un - inch you one

W. W.
stacc.

Mr BU

inch? Will my blithe-some, bux-om beau - ty Let her suit - or do his du-ty? Tho' his

rall.

Mr BU

lap ain't ve - ry large, dear Sit up - on it, there's no charge dear. Will you sit?

Cl.

Bsn. Hn. Trom.

W. Corney

No I shan't!

Mr. Bumble

Will you sit?

She sits upon his lap.

W. Corney

I shall

rit.

Fl. Glock.
Ob.

B 2

W. COR

scream! I shall scream! For the safe - ty of my

W. W.

a tempo

W. COR

vir - tue I shall scream Tho' your knee is ra - ther co - sy see my

W. COR

cheeks are get - ting ro - sy You would have me in your pow'r If I sat here for an

Mr. Bumble *His voice muffled by W. Corney's ample bosom*

She gets off his lap.

W. Corney

W. COR

hour I shall scream, scream scream. You're a

C

W. COR naugh-ty, bad man. If you think I can't be pro-per, prim and haugh-ty I

W. COR can And you'll par-don if I men-tion You must state your true in-

Mr. Bumble treads in the cat basket and a caterwaul follows.

W. CORNEY
(Spoken) No
(She nods dissent)

Mr. Bumble

W. COR -ten-tion. Is there not an-oth-er room here? If there were a bride and

rall.

W. Corney

Mr. Bumble

Mr BU groom here Would there be? Well there might. We shall

Cl.
Bsn. Hn. Trom.

W. Corney

D

Mr BU see. Fl. Glock. I shall scream! I shall

Ob.

W. W.

a tempo

W. COR

scream At the thought of what you're think-ing I shall scream

Mr. Bumble

He kneels

W. COR

You will won-der where the scream went When we come to an a-

He advances on his knees

Mr BU

-gree-ment As my lov-ey dove is chub-by could she love a chub-by

rall.

W. Corney

(Mr. Bumble sits down again)

Mr BU

hub-by? I shall scream, Mis-ter Bum-ble. I shall scream. Bum-ble

W. W. Trom

(Mr. Bumble whistles invitingly)

She sits in his lap and they embrane

W. COR

Wum-ble, I shall scream, scream, scream!

pp

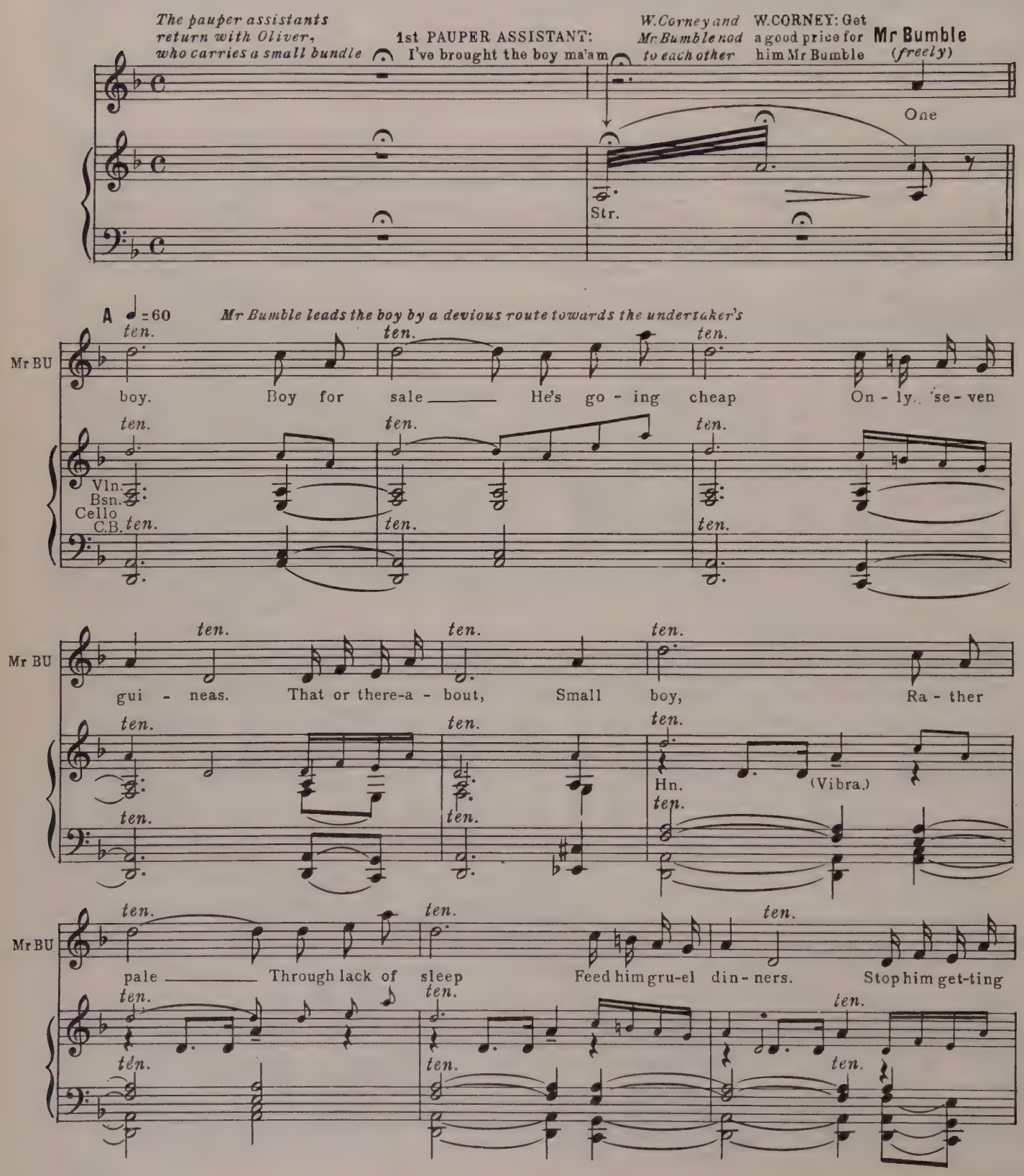
W. W. Trom.

Segue

No 5

SONG – (Mr Bumble)

"BOY FOR SALE"



Mr BU

ten. stout. B If I should say he was-n't ver-y greed - y I

Hn. Ob. Fl. Glock. *ten.* W.W.

Mr BU

could not, I'd be tell-ing you a tale One boy *ten.* Boy for

W.W. Str. Trom. Hn. *ten.* *ten.*

Mr BU

ten. sale Come take a peep *ten.* Have you ev-er seen as Nice a boy for *He enters the undertaker's shop* *rit.*

Fl. Glock. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *rit.*

Mr BUMBLE: (*spoken inside the shop*) Liberal terms, Mister Sowerberry,— Liberal terms. Five pounds

Mr BU

sale.

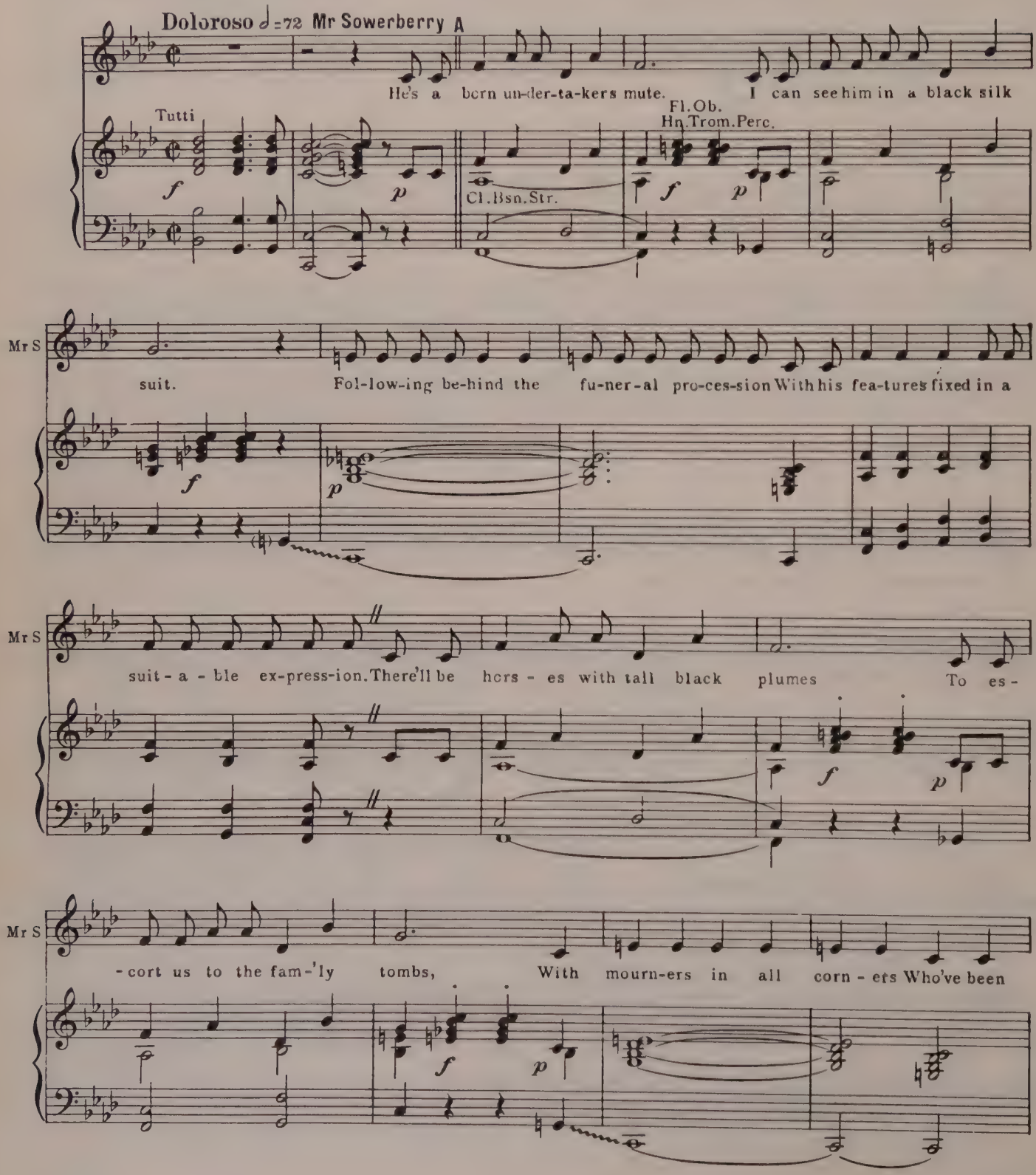
W.W. Vln. Bsn. Cello C.B. W.W. Trom. W.W. Vln. *End of Scene*

No. 6 TRIO – (Mr Sowerberry, Mrs Sowerberry and Mr Bumble)

"THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL"

Oliver is standing under an undertaker's sign wearing a top hat

Cue: Mrs SOWERBERRY: Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?
OLIVER: Yes ma'am I think so.



Mr S

rit.

B

taught to weep in tune. Then the cof-fin lined with sat-in That's your fu-ner-al

rit.

Mrs Sowerberry

Mr Sowerberry

That's your fu-ner-al Large e-nough to wear your hat in That's your fu-ner-al

Mrs Sowerberry

Mr Sowerberry

That's your fu-ner-al We're just here to glam-our-ise you for that end-less

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry

Mr S

sleep You might just as well look fetch-ing when you're six feet deep.

tr

Mr Sowerberry

At the wake we'll drink a tod - dy To the bo - dy beau-ti - ful

Mrs Sowerberry Mr Sowerberry

Mr Sowerberry produces a tape

Mr S

That's your fu-ner-al Not our fu-ner-al That's your · fu-ner-al —

and begins to measure Mr Bumble as he sings

C Mr Sowerberry Mrs Sowerberry

If you're fond of o - ver - eat - ing That's your fu-ner-al That's your fu-ner-al

Mr Sowerberry Mr Bumble

Starve your-self by un - der - eat - ing That's your fu-ner-al That's my fu-ner-al?

Mr Sowerberry

Vi - sua-lise the earth des-cen-ding on you clod by clod. You can't come back

Mr S

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry

when you're bu-ried un-der-neath the sod. We will not re-duce our pri-ces

tr

Mr S
Mrs S

Mr Sowerberry Mrs Sowerberry

Keep your vi-ces u-su-al That's your fu-ner-al Not our fu-ner-al

Mr Sowerberry

Mr Bumble turns to go but is stopped by Mr and Mrs Sowerberry

D Mr Bumble

That's your fu-ner-al. I don't think this song is fun-ny!

Mr Sowerberry Mrs Sowerberry Mr Bumble

That's your fu-ner-al, That's your fu-ner-al. Here's the boy, now where's the mon-ey?

Mr Sowerberry Mr Bumble Mr Sowerberry

That's your fu-ner-al, That's *your* fu-ner-al. We don't har-bour thoughts ma-ca-bre, there's no need to frown.

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry — *Mr Bumble exits* — Mr Sowerberry

In the end we'll eith-er burn you up or nail you down. We love coughs and

Mr S

wheez-es And di - sea-ses called in - cur-a-ble. Mr and Mrs Sowerberry: That's your fu-ner-al Mr Sowerberry: No-one el-ses fu-ner-al

Mrs Sowerberry: That's your

Mr Sowerberry: That's your fu-ner-al!

That's your fu-ner-al!

W.W.Chrom. Vln.

gliss. *ff* *Dialogue*

No. 6a COFFIN MUSIC

Cue: Mrs SOWERBERRY: Now then Oliver Twist you can sleep here under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins I suppose. But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep no where else

She takes the lamp and shuts Oliver in the shop

Adagio — *Oliver peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings*

p Str.trem. Fl.Cor.Ang.Vibra. — B.Cl.Bsn. Cello,C.B.

attacca

No 7

SONG – (Oliver)

"WHERE IS LOVE?"

Lento ♩ = 72

Oliver

Where ___ is love? Does it fall from skies a - bove?

add Fl.

Cl. Bsn. Cello C.B.

Cor. Ang.

Fl.

add Trom. (Cup mute)

OLI

Is it un-der-neath the wil - low tree_ that i've been dream - ing of?

add Vibra.

Vln.

A

OLI

Where ___ is she Who I close my eyes to see?

OLI

Will I ev-er know the sweet 'hel-lo'_ that's meant for on - ly me?

add Vibra.

B

OLI

Who can say where she may hide? Must I trav-el far and wide?

Vln. Fl. Cl. Cello

OLI

'Til I am be-side the some-one who I can mean some-thing to

Ob.

OLI

Where Where is love?

poco rit.

Vln. Fl.Vln. Tutti p poco rit.

C Tearfully and hesitantly

OLI

Who can say where she may hide? Must I trav-el far and wide?

Vln.Fl.Cl. p Cello

OLI

'Til I am be-side the some-one who I can mean some-thing to

Ob.

OLI

Where? Where is love?

rit.

Hn. Piano Ob.

f Timp.

Oliver rises, crosses to the counter and goes to sleep underneath it

Vln. Str. W.W.

Timp.

dim.

pp attacca

No 8

NEXT MORNING

♩. = 60

W.W. Vibra.

Tutti f

Noah Claypole arrives at the street door and bangs and kicks it

Meno mosso ♩ = 112

B NOAH (*off*) Open the door will yer?

Fl. Perc.

rit. Vln. Hn. Bsn. Cello

Vln. Ob. p Cello Bsn.

OLIVER: I will directly sir (*undoing the chain and turning the key*)

NOAH: (*through the key hole*) Are you the new boy?

OLIVER: Yes sir

NOAH: (*still outside*) How old are yer?

OLIVER: Thirteen sir

Dialogue continues

Nº 8a

THE FIGHT

Cue: NOAH: A regular right down bad 'un.
And its a good thing she died when
she did or she'd have been doing hard.
labour in prison as like as not.

Oliver jumps up and throws Noah over the counter and a struggle follows.

♩=160

NOAH – *(shouts)* He'll murder me! Charlotte! Missis!
This here new boy's a murderin' of

Timp.

me! Help! Help! He's gorn *mad!* Char-*LOTTE!!*

A CHARLOTTE *(off)*
What's up?

Timp.

MRS SOWERBERRY *(off)*
What on earth can be happening?
Coming, coming, Noah.

Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry enter

Charlotte seizes Oliver

CHARLOTTE: Oh you horrid wretch!
You little ungrateful murderous

villain

Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry take an arm each and shake Oliver vigorously. Noah gets up and pummel him from behind. They finally drag Oliver to a coffin, push him in, close the

W.W.

Oliver

lid, lock it and sit on it.

Mrs Sowerberry sinks into a chair, and bursts into tears.

(Mr Bumble appears in the

Tutti

street outside the shop.)

MRS SOWERBERRY — Noah, get help. Charlotte some water quick!

CHARLOTTE — Oh my dear, she's going off

Oliver begins kicking on the inside of the lid. Noah exits to the street.

MRS SOWERBERRY *(panting)* Oh Charlotte! Oh Charlotte!

We could all have been murdered in our beds!

B

Charlotte pours the water over Mrs Sowerberry's head.

Timp.

MRS SOWERBERRY — Eek! Heaven help us! I wanted a drink — a drink. *(Oliver kicks harder)*

Mr Bumble enters through the shop door.

gliss

Dialogue

No 8b

OLIVER'S ESCAPE

Cue: MRS SOWERBERRY— Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch? She probably deserved what was said and worse.

OLIVER— She didn't!

MRS SOWERBERRY — She did!

OLIVER— Its a lie

Mrs Sowerberry utters a shriek and falls into the coffin which closes. The others rush to help her.

Oliver backs away, grabs his bundle and sneaks out.

♩ = 160

p

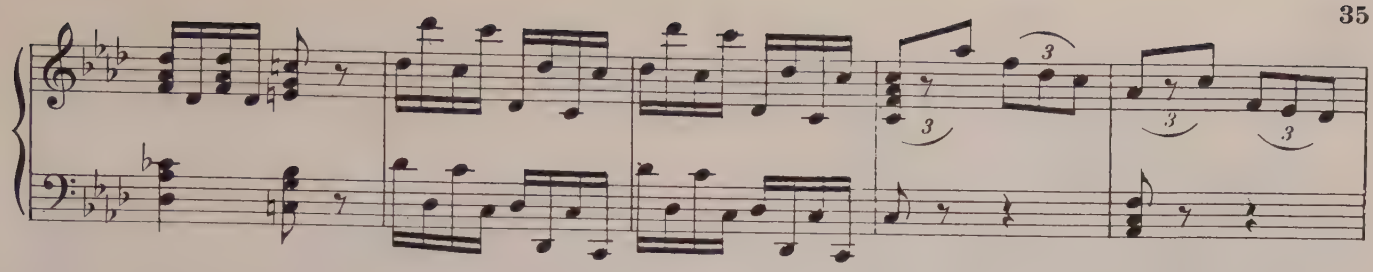
NOAH— He's gone! MRS SOWERBERRY— Who's gone? CHARLOTTE — Oliver- he's run off!

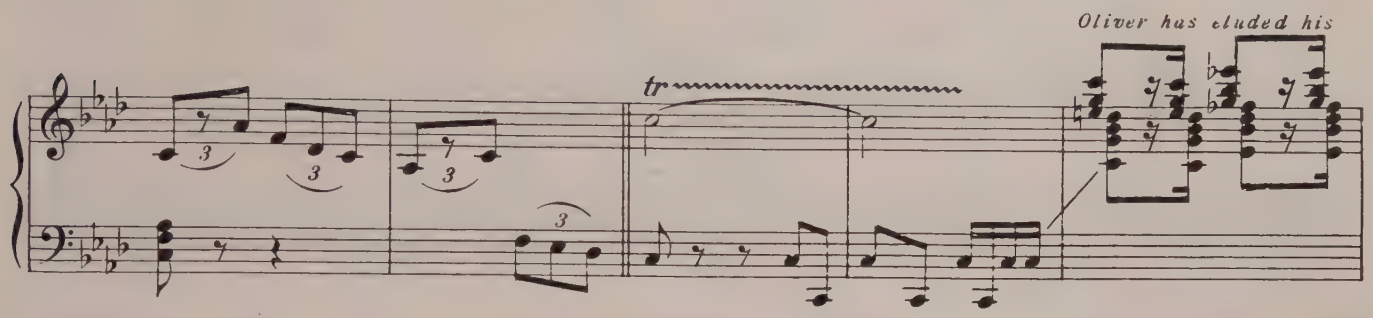
p

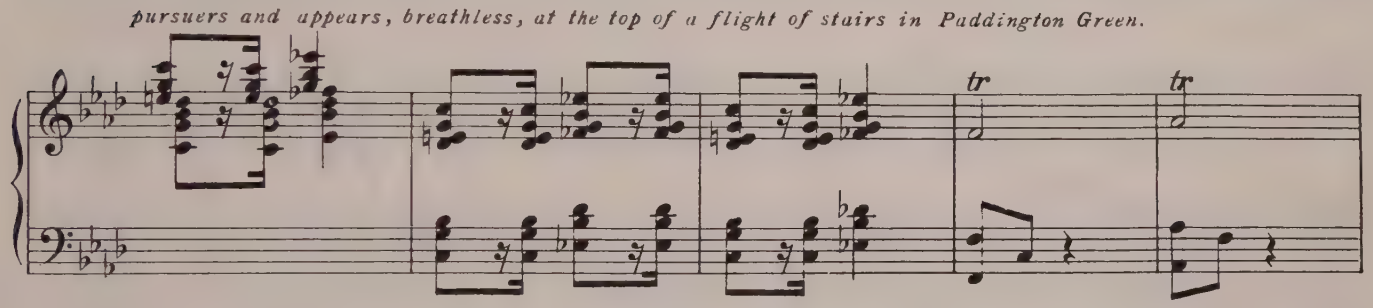
MR SOWERBERRY— Five pounds worth - run off? *Five* pounds of mine? Run off? After him!

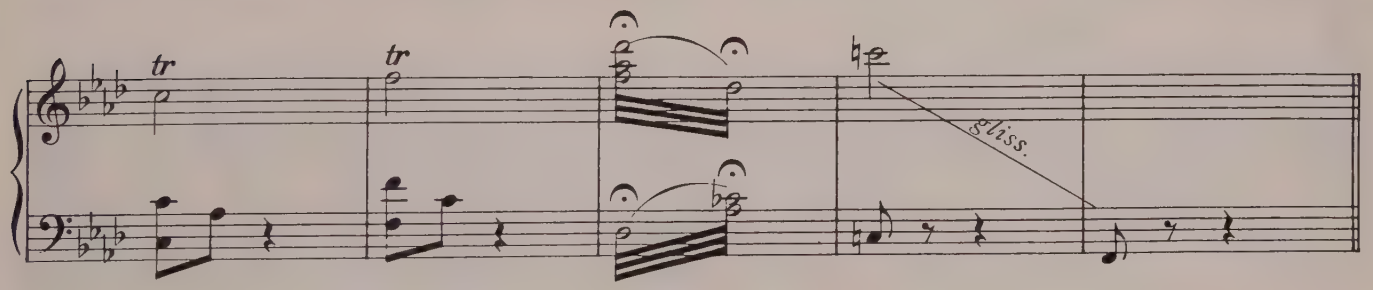
MR BUMBLE *(to Mrs Sowerberry as he runs)* Meat, madam! Meat.

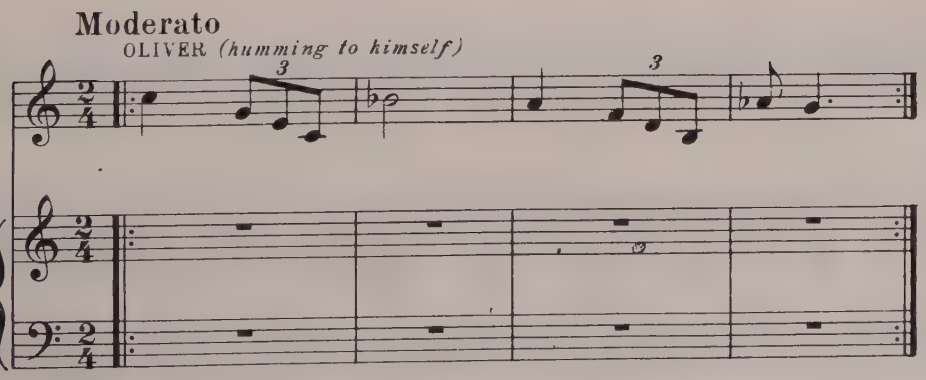
(There is chaos as they all clamber for the shop door)




Oliver has eluded his


pursuers and appears, breathless, at the top of a flight of stairs in Paddington Green.


gliss.


Moderato
OLIVER (humming to himself)

No 9

SONG—(The Artful Dodger, Oliver and Chorus)

"CONSIDER YOURSELF"

Cue: DODGER—Come to think of it—I ain't got no intimate friends still what's the difference, me old pork sausage, you're coming along with me.
OLIVER—Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?
DODGER—Mind?

♩=120

Dodger A

Con - si-der your - self

f Tutti

Str.
Bar.

Str.

DOD

at home Con - si-der your - self one of the fa - mi - ly.

add Bsn.

DOD

We've ta-ken to you so strong It's clear

Fl.

DOD

we're go-ing to get a - long. Con - si-der your-self well in

B

W.W.

Str.

add Bsn.

Oliver

DOD

Con - si-der your-self part of the fur - ni - ture. There is-n't a lot

DOD

to spare Who cares? What - e-ver we've got we

Str. add Bsn. W.W.

DOD

C

share! If it should chance to be we should see some hard-er days Emp - ty lar-der days

p W.W. W.W. Str. Br.

DOD

Why grouse? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some - bo-dy to foot the bill

W.W. W.W.

Oliver

DOD

Then the drinks are on the house! Con -

W.W.

D

DOD

-si-der your-self our mate. We don't want to have no

Str.

DOD

fuss, For af - ter some con - si - de-ra - tion we can state Con -

W.W.

(Dodger illustrates various Cockney actions which Oliver tries to emulate.)

E

Oliver

DOD

-si-der your-self one of us! Con - si-der your-self At

W.W.

Tutti

f

Bsn.
Cello

Oliver

OLI

Dodger — Oliver — Dodger

home? Con - si-der your-self One of the fa - mi-ly? We've

DOD

Oliver — Dodger

ta ken to you so strong It's clear we're

Dodger and Oliver — Dodger — F — Oliver — Dodger

go-ing to get a - long. Con - si-der your- self Well in? Con -

W.W.

W.W. Vln.

Bsn. Cello

DOD

Oliver

-si-der your- self part of the fur - ni-ture? There is-n't a lot To

Oliver

Dodger — Dodger and Oliver — Dodger

OLI: spare? Who cares? What - e-ver we've got, we share. No-bo-dy

W.W.

G

DOD: tries to be lah-di-dah and up-pi-ty There's a cup of tea

W.W. W.W. Str. Br.

(Dodger leads Oliver towards Town. As they walk various characters are seen in alley ways.)

DOD: For all. On-ly it's wise to be han-dy wiv' a rol-ling pin

Oliver

DOD: When the land-lord comes to call! Con-

W.W.

H

OLI

Dodger

-si-der your-self Our mate. We don't want to have

W.W.
Vln.

Bsn.
Cello

DOD

Dodger and Oliver

(As Dodger and Oliver approach the centre of Town, a number of ragged children, members of Fagin's thieve's

no fuss For af - ter some con - si - de - ra - tion

BOTH

kitchen, tag along)

Oliver

we can state Con - si-der your-self one of us

etc.

Tutti

ff

Dodger Oliver and children

J

l'istesso

Con - si-der your-self at home

W.W. Str.

f

Br.

(C.B.)

Oliver

DOD
OLI
CHIL

We've ta-ken to you so strong

etc.

DOD
OLI
CHIL

Con - si-der your-self well

DOD
OLI
CHIL

in

There is-n't a lot

Br.

DOD
OLI
CHIL

to spare

If it should chance to be we should see some

Hn.

Trom. *f*

DOD
OLI
CHIL

har - der days emp - ty lar - der days. Why grouse?

DOD
OLI
CHIL

Al-ways a chance we'll meet some - bo-dy to foot the bill. Then the

Br.

DOD
OLI
CHIL

drinks are on the house Con - si-der your-self

L

W.W. Str.

Br.

(l'istesso)

DOD
OLI
CHIL

our mate We

(C.B.)

DOD
OLI
CHIL

don't want to have no fuss For af - ter some con-

DOD
OLI
CHIL

-si - de-ra - tion we can state Con - si-der your-self One of

The entire street surrounds Dodger and Oliver and sings to them

Chorus P

DOD
OLI
CHIL

us! Con - si-der your-self

Bsn. Br.

f

Str.

W.W. Br.

CHO

at home Con - si-der your-self One of the

W.W. Cello

Oliver

CHO

fa - mi-ly We've ta-ken to you so strong.

CHO

It's clear we're go-ing to get a - long. Con

Q

CHO

-si-der your-self well in Con - si-der your-self

W.W. Cello

CHO

part of the fur - ni-ture There is-n't a lot to

Oliver

CHO

spare Who cares What - e-ver we've got we share If it should

R

CHO

chance to be we should see some har - der days. Emp - ty lar - der days

W.W. W.W. Br.

Br.

CHO

Why grouse? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some-bo-dy to foot the bill

W.W. W.W.

CHO

Then the drinks are on the house Con

W.W.

S

CHO

-si-der your-self our mate We don't want to have

W.W. Cello

CHO

no fuss For af - ter some con - si - de-ra - tion

W.W.

Tutti

CHO

we can state Con - si-der your-self

W.W.

CHO

One of us.

Br.

ff

attacca

Nº 10

ENCORE – (Chorus)

"CONSIDER YOURSELF"

The children proceed towards the thieves' kitchen as the crowd gradually disperses singing off

Chorus

♩ = 120

f

Con - si-der your-self

Str.

W. W.
Br.

CHO

at home Con - si-der your-self one of the

W.W., Cello

CHO

fa - mil - y We've ta-ken to you so strong.

CHO

It's clear we're go-ing to get a - long. Con -

Q 2

CHO

-si-der your-self well in Con - si-der your-self part of the

W.W. Br.

W.W., Cello

CHO

fur - ni-ture There is-n't a lot to spare. Who

CHO

cares what - ev-er we've got we share. No-bo-dy tries to be lah-di-dah and

R 2

Br.

CHO

up - pi - ty There's a cup of tea for all

W.W.

W.W. Br.

W.W.

CHO

On - ly it's wise to be han - dy wiv' a rol - ling pin When the

W.W.

S 2

CHO land - lord comes to call Con - si - der your-self

W.W.

CHO our mate We don't want to have no

W.W. Cello

CHO fuss For af - ter some con - si - de - ra - tion we can

W.W.

Tutti

The children arrive at the foot of the stairs in the thieves'

CHO state Con - si - der your - self One of

W.W.

kitchen.

CHO us.

W.W.

Br.

8

ff

No. 11

SONG—(Fagin, with the Boys)

"PICK A POCKET OR TWO"

FAGIN: I suppose a laundry would be a very nice thing indeed but our line of business pays a little better— don't it boys?

BOYS: Not 'arf!

FAGIN You see Oliver—

Repeat ad lib.

A

Fagin *(sings)*

In this life One thing counts— In the bank

Repeat ad lib.

Fl. Ob. Str. Hn.

B. Cl. Bsn.

W.W.

Tamb. Str.

etc.

FAG

large a-mounts I'm a-fraid these don't grow on trees You've got to pick a poc-ket or

Br.

B

ten.

a tempo

FAG

two. You've got to pick a pot-ket or two boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or

W.W.

ten.

ten.

a tempo

Boys *Fagin conducts the boys with a toasting fork*

FAG

two. Large a-mounts don't grow on trees— You've got to pick a poc-ket or

Br.

W.W.

FAGIN: Let's show Oliver how to do it my dears. (*He places in his pockets a watch two spectacle cases and two handkerchiefs*)

A 2

Fagin, carrying a walking stick, adopts the manner and walk of a rich gentleman

Repeat ad lib.

BOYS

two.

Fagin (*sings*)

Why should we break our backs stu - pid - ly

Repeat ad lib.

W.W.

Tamb. Str.

etc.

Two of the children perform a mock game of hop-scotch, in the course of which one of them stumbles into Fagin and de-

FAG

pay - ing tax. Bet-ter get some un - taxed in-come Bet-ter pick a poc-ket or

Br.

-prives him of a spectacle case.

B 2

ten.

a tempo

FAG

two. You've got a pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or

W.W.

ten.

ten.

a tempo

Boys

FAG

two. Why should we all break our backs- Bet-ter pick a poc-ket or

Br.

W.W.

A 3

Fagin

Another boy approaches crying with something, apparently in his eye.

BOYS

two

Ro - bin Hood what a crook! Gave a - way

W.W.

Tamb. Str.

etc.

While Fagin attends to the eye, the boy removes Fagin's watch.

FAG

what he took Cha - ri - ty's fine, Sub - scibe to mine Get out and pick a poc-ket or

Br.

B 3

FAG

two. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or

ten. *a tempo*

W.W.

ten. *a tempo*

FAG

Boys

two Ro - bin Hood was far too good, You've got to pick a poc-ket or

Br. W.W.

Fagin

A 4

Three boys attract Fagin's attention to something in the sky. As he gazes

BOYS

two Take a tip From Bill Sykes— He can whip What he likes

W.W.

Tamb. Str.

etc.

upward the smallest boy swoops under Fagin's cloak to remove his pocket handkerchief.

FAG

I ___ re - call He start - ed small, He had to pick a poc-ket or two! You've

Br.

W.W.

B4

FAG

ten. a tempo

got to pick a poc-ket or two boys You've got to pick a poc-ket or two

ten. Br.

ten. a tempo

Boys

Fagin

We can be like Old Bill Sykes If we pick a poc-ket or two

W.W.

A5

Fagin pretends to look in a shop window. Two boys approach him from behind. They trip him and remove his

FAG

Dear old gent Pass-ing by Some-thing nice Takes his eye Ev-'ry-thing's clear! At-

W.W.

Tamb. Str. etc. Br.

walking stick and remaining handkerchief, leaving him prostrate on the floor.

B5

FAG

-tack the rear! Ad-vance and pick a poc-ket or two. You've got to pick a poc-ket or

W.W.

FAG

ten. a tempo

Boys

two boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Have no fear at-

ten. a tempo Br. W.W.

BOYS

-tact the rear Ad-vance and pick a poc-ket or two

A 6

Fagin (*rising*) *As Fagin picks himself up Dodger and Charlie Bates perform a mock game of leapfrog. Dodger leaps on*

When I see Some-one rich Both my thumbs start to itch.

W.W.

Tamb. Str.

etc.

Fagin's back lifting his cloak tails and Charlie removes the second spectacle case from Fagin's back pocket.

FAG

On-ly to find some peace of mind- I have to pick a poc-ket or two You've

Br.

W.W.

B 6

molto rit.

ten.

a tempo

FAG

got to pick a poc-ket or two boys You've got to pick a poc-ket or two.

ten.

molto rit.

ten.

a tempo

Br.

Boys

rall.

Just to find some peace of mind- We have to pick a poc-ket or two.

W.W.

rall.

Tutti

Fl.

mf

f

FAGIN (*spoken*) Put 'em back in the box.–

The boys return the articles

they have stolen to the box with the exception of one, whom Fagin sees out of the corner of his eye. FAGIN–all of 'em.

Ob.
Vln.

stridently

Fl.Cl.
Br.

The boy shamefacedly

Fl.Cl.Br.

returns a spectacle case to the box.

Fl.

FAGIN Come 'ere–(*Pats boy on head*)–What a crook!

Dialogue

FAGIN: Just do everything that Dodger and Charlie do. Make 'em your models, my dear, especially Dodger. He's going to be a right little Bill Sykes!
Now then, is my handkerchief protruding from my pocket?
OLIVER: Yes sir I can just see the corner
FAGIN: See if you can take it out without my feeling it–like you saw the others do.

Repeat ad lib.

Fagin (*sings*) *Oliver tries unsuccessfully to steal the*

Rum tum tum. Rum tum tum.

Repeat ad lib.

W.W.

Tamb.
Str.

etc.

handkerchief. Meanwhile Fagin gradually pulls it out of his pocket until two or three feet of handkercief are showing

FAG

Pom pom pom Pom pom pom. Skidd-le - eye - tye, Tee - rye - tye - tye, Tee-

Br.

Oliver grasps the apparently endless handkerchief and pulls it out until the end sticks in Fagin's pocket

FAG

rup - pa tup - pa rup - pa - tum - tum You've got to pick a poc-ket or

W.W.

Fagin releases the handkerchief and Oliver falls down

FAG

molto rit. *ten.*

two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two.

ten.

molto rit.

ten.

Tutti

Dialogue

FAGIN: "Now bedtime all of you. There's a hard day's work ahead of you. Have a nightcap, Oliver Good boy" (*laughs*)

He quietens the boys and they settle down for the night

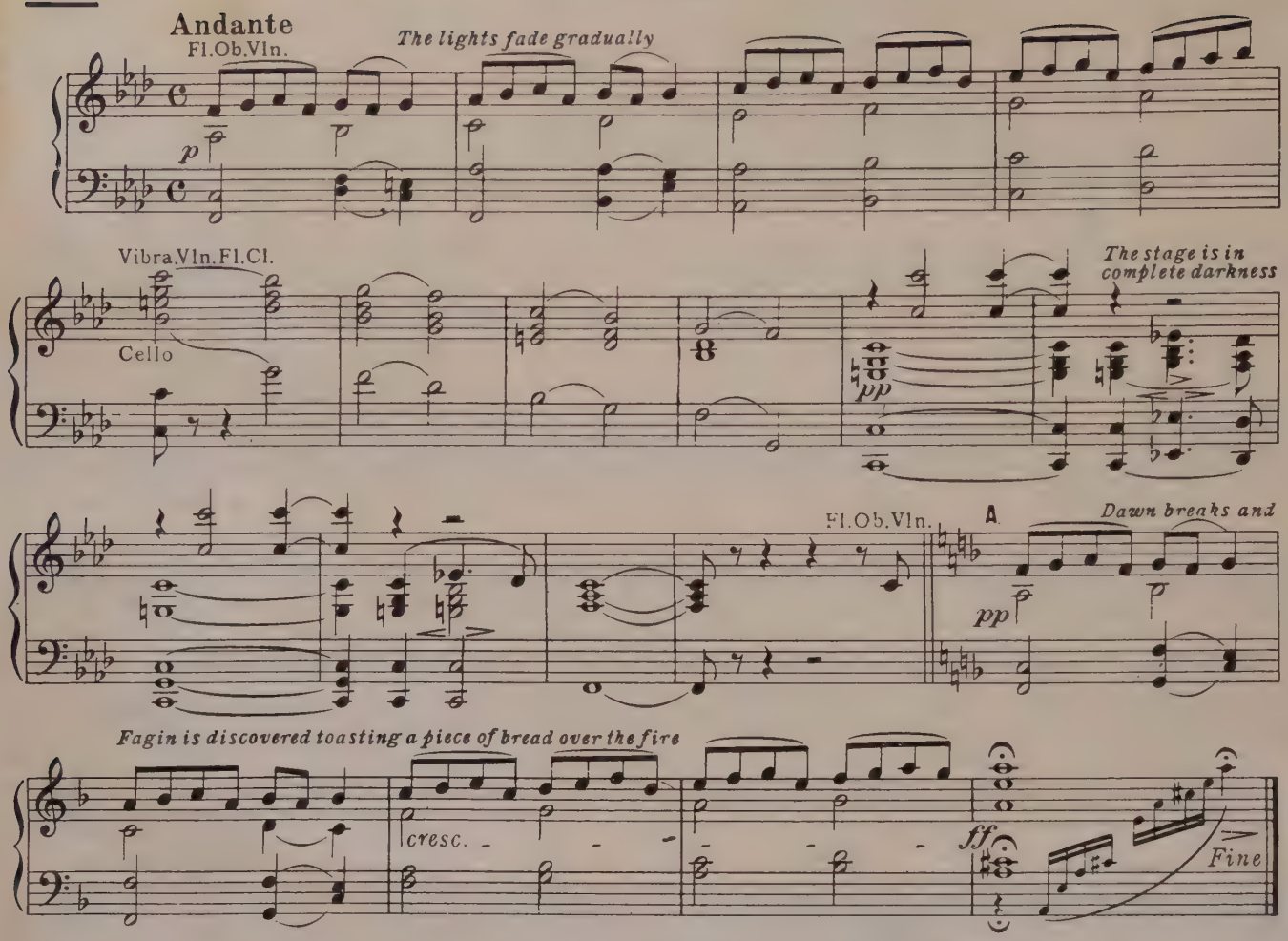
Fagin (*sotto voce*)

You've got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two.

Segue

Oliver

No. 12 INTERMEZZO



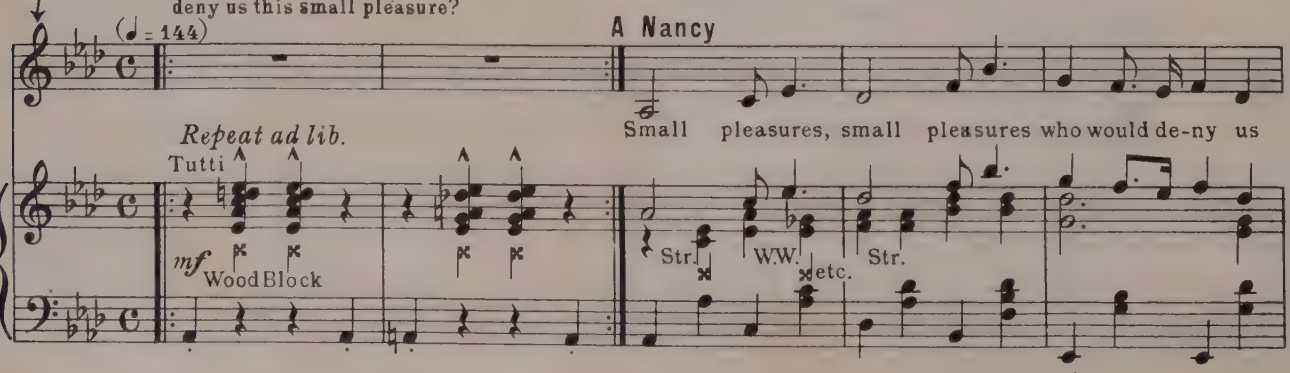
No. 13 DUET—(Nancy and Bet with the Boys)

"IT'S A FINE LIFE"

Cue: FAGIN: Well today's yer birthday—*wash!*
Oliver moves over to the corner and Fagin returns the box to its hiding place
NANCY (*off:*) Plummy and Slam!

All the boys wake up
Nancy enters with Bet

FAGIN: The ladies! Wake up boys. The ladies are here.
NANCY: We'll have less of that if you don't mind. Where's the gin!
FAGIN: All in moderation my dear. Too much gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.
NANCY: And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then Mr. Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have isn't it? And who would deny us this small pleasure?



NAN

these. Gin tod-dies, large measures No skimping if you please!

W.W.

NAN

I rough it. I love it. Life is a game of chance.

W.W. *tr* W.W. *tr*

NAN

I nev-er tire of it. Lead-ing a mer - ry dance. If you

rall. *a tempo*

B *Nancy sits on a stool and serves coffee to the boys as they file past*

Boys Nancy

NAN

don't mind hav-ing to go with-out things. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' it

W.W. W.W. Br.

Boys Nancy

NAN

ain't all jol-ly old pleasure out - ings. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! When you've

NAN

got some-one to love, You for-get your care and strife. Let the prudes look down on us. Let the

NAN

Nancy and Bet

wide world frown on us. It's a fine, fine life. Who cares if

W.W.

mf Repeat ad lib.

C

Str. W.W. etc.

NAN BET

straight lac-es Sneer at us in the street. Fine airs and fine grac-es

Str. W.W.

Nancy

Don't have to sin to eat. We wand-er through Lon-don

Nancy and Bet

Who knows what we may

W.W. tr

NAN BET

find

Nancy

There's pock-ets left un-done

Nancy and Bet

rall.

On ma-ny a be-hind.

a tempo

Nancy

If you

W.W. tr

rall.

a tempo

D

NAN

don't mind tak-ing it like it turns out. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Keep the

Boys

Nancy

W.W.

W.W.
Br.

NAN

can-dle burn-ing un-til it burns out. Its a fine life! Its a fine life! Tho' you

Boys

Nancy

NAN

some-times do come by, The oc-ca-sion-al black eye. You can al-ways cov-er one Til he

NAN

blacks the oth-er one But you don't dare cry.

W.W.

mf *Repeat ad lib.*

E Bet

No flounces no feathers; No frills and fur - bi - loes

W.W. etc.

Str.
Piano

BET

All winds and all weathers Ain't good for fan - cy clo'es. These trappings

Nancy

W.W. tr

NAN

These tatters These we can just af - ford What fu-ture? What matters?

Nancy and Bet

Nancy

Bet

W.W. tr

Nancy, Bet and Boys

rit.

We've got our bed and board.

Nancy

F

If you don't mind hav-ing to deal with Fa - gin. It's a

W.W.

rit.

NAN

fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' dis-eased rats threaten to bring the plague in, It's a

Boys

Nancy

W.W. Br.

NAN

fine life It's a fine life. But the grass is green and dense On the right side of the

Boys

Nancy

NAN

Nancy, Bet and Boys

Nancy and Bet

'fence' And we take good care of it. That we get our share of it. And we don't mean pence! If you

W.W.

f

NAN BET

G *Nancy and Bet perform a "Knees up" dance*

Boys

Nancy

don't mind hav-ing to like or lump it, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' there's

W.W. Br.

NAN

Boys

Nancy *becoming wist-ful as she thinks of Bill Sykes*

no tea sipping an' eat-ing crum-pet. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Not for

colla voce

NAN

Freely

Bet touches Nancy on the shoulder

me the hap-py home, hap-py hus-band, hap-py wife. Tho' it some-times touches me For the

W.W.

W.W. Str.

NAN

Nancy embraces Bet

a tempo

(♩=♩) *Half Tempo*

Nancy, Bet and Boys

(♩=♩) *Tempo I*

likes of such as me. Mine's a fine, fine life.

Tutti *f*

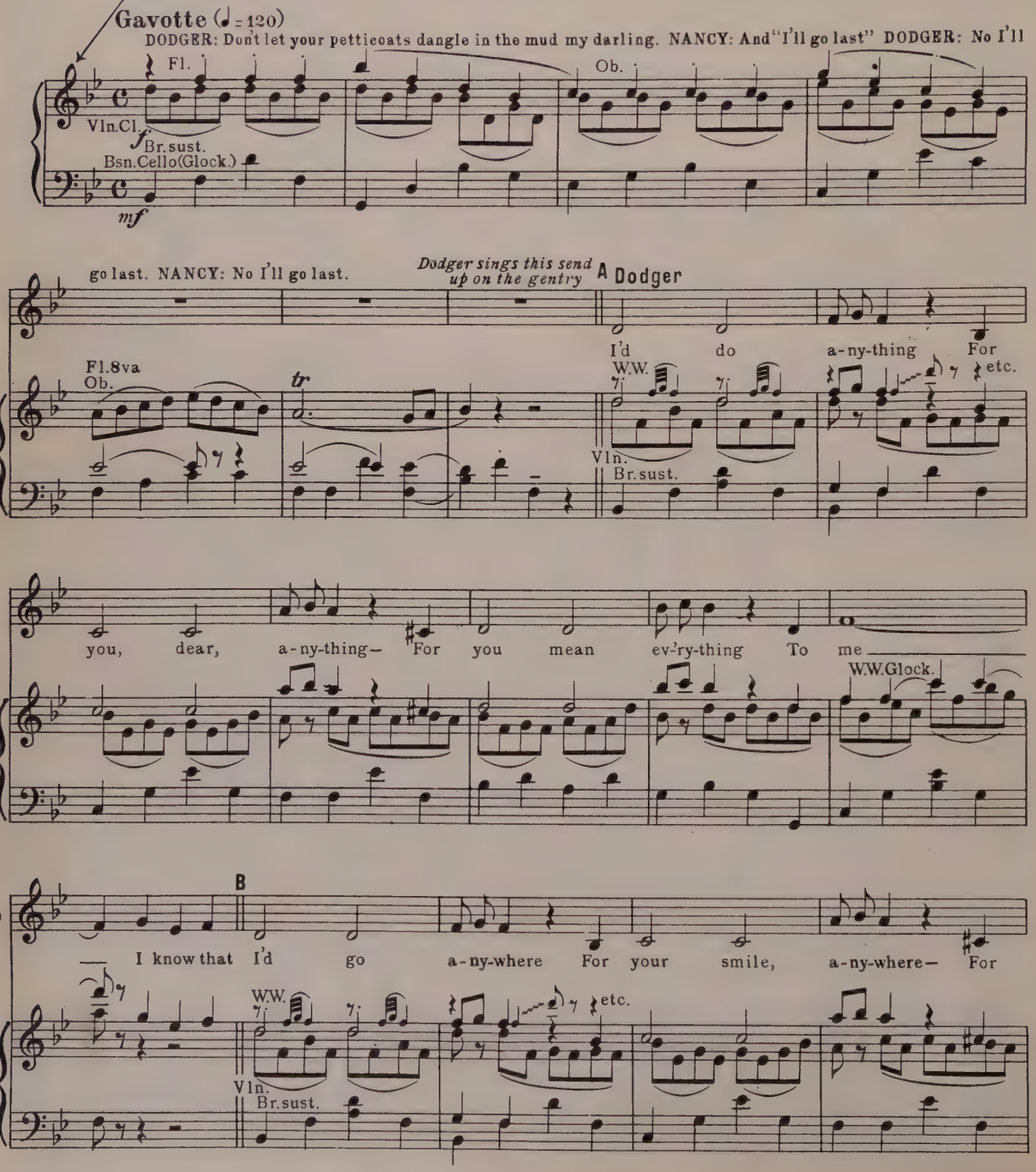
f

Dialogue

No 14 ENSEMBLE—(The Artful Dodger, Nancy, Oliver, Bet, Fagin and the Boys)

"I'D DO ANYTHING"

Cue: NANCY: Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treats their ladies?
DODGER: Yuss!
NANCY: Shall we show them?
FAGIN: Go on, Nancy, give us a free show on the stage
NANCY: It's all bowing and hats off
and....



DOD

Nancy C

your smile ev'ry-where I'd see Would you climb a hill?

W.W. Glock. Glock. Str pizz. W.W.

Dodger Nancy Dodger Nancy Dodger Nancy

A-ny-thing! Wear a daf-fo-dil? A-ny-thing! Leave me all your will? A-ny-thing! Ev-en

Str. Br.

NAN

Dodger (*taken aback*) D

fight my Bill? What? Fis-ti-cuffs! I'd risk ev-ry-thing For one kiss—

W.W. etc.

f Timp. *mf* Vln. Br. sust.

DOD

Nancy (*sarcastically*) Dodger

ev'ry-thing— Yes I'd do a-ny-thing A-ny-thing? A-ny-thing for you!

Fl. Glock. W.W. Vln. Cl. Br. sust. Bsn. Cello

Ob. FAGIN (*spoken*) Now you, Oliver

E **Oliver** *Oliver and Bet imitate Dodger and Nancy*

I'd do a-ny-thing For you, dear, a-ny-thing— For you mean

W.W.

Str.

OLI

ev'ry-thing To me. I know that I'd go a-ny-where For

F

OLI

your smile, a-ny-where— For your smile ev'ry-where I'd see

OLI

Bet G Oliver Bet Oliver Bet

Would you lace my shoe? A-ny-thing! Paint your face bright blue? A-ny-thing! Catch a

Str.
Br.

BET

Oliver — Kan-ga-roo?

Bet — A-ny-thing! Go to Tim-buc-too?

Oliver hesitates Oliver — And back a-gain! I'd risk

H

W.W.

Str.

OLI

ev-'ry-thing For one kiss— ev-'ry-thing— Yes I'd do a-ny-thing A-ny-thing?

Bet and Nancy

Oliver — A-ny-thing for you!

W.W. Glock.

Str.

J DANCE

Glock. Piano

Str.

mf soft shoe dance

1 2

Fagin — Would you

Oliver

L All Fagin All Fagin

FAG

rob a shop? A-ny-thing! Would you risk "the drop?" A-ny-thing! Tho' your eyes go "pop"

Glock.

W.W. Cowbell W.W. Timp. *f*

All Fagin All *sarcastically, to Fagin* M

A-ny-thing! When you come down 'plop?' Hang ev'ry-thing! We'd risk life and limb To

W.W. Cym. *p* Timp. W.W. Str.

ALL

keep you in the swim— Yes we'd do a-ny-thing A-ny-thing? A-ny-thing for you.

Fagin All *allargando*

f allargando < *ff* *attacca*

Timp. *tr*

No. 14a

MELOS

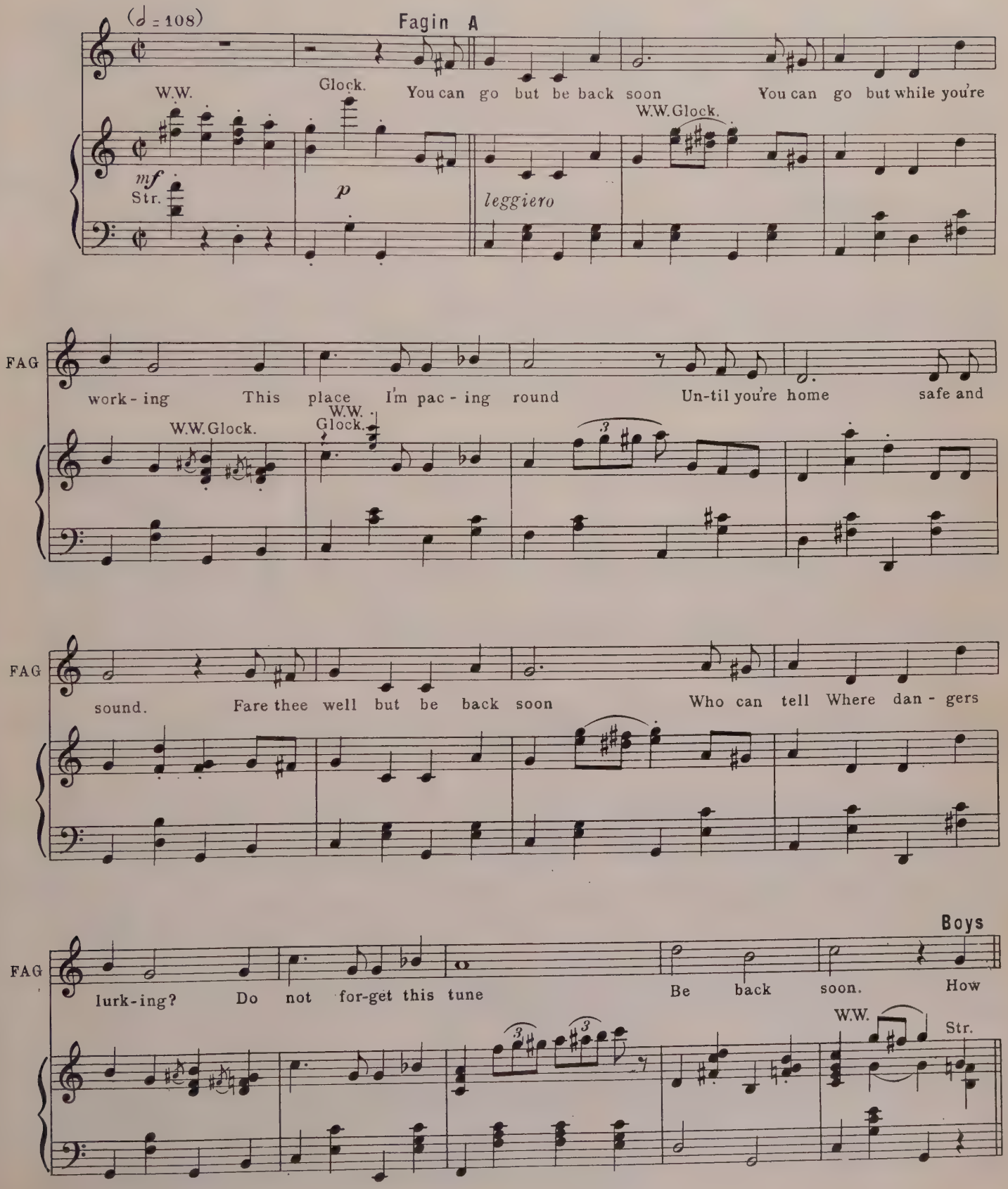
Glock. Piano

mf Br. sust.

No 15

SONG– (Fagin, The Artful Dodger and the Boys)

"BE BACK SOON"



B

BOYS

could we for-get? How could we let our dear old Fa - gin wor - ry? We

BOYS

love him so. We'll come back home in, oh, such a great big hur - ry It's him that pays the

Dodger

W.W.

Br.

All the Boys

DOD

pi - per It's us that pipes his tune. So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o We'll

BOYS

be back soon. You can go but be back soon You can

Fagin C

W.W. Glock.

leggiero

FAG

go but bring back plen - ty Of pock - et hand-ker - chiefs And you should be clev-er

W.W. Glock.

W.W. Glock.

FAG

thieves. Whip-it quick and be back soon There's a six-pence here for twen-ty Ain't

FAG

Dodger D

that a love-ly tune Be back soon. Our pock-ets'll hold a

W.W. Str.

DOD

1st Solo Boy 2nd Solo Boy Dodger

watch of gold that chimes up-on the ho-ur A wal-let fat, an old man's hat, the

DOD

All the Boys Dodger

crown jew-els from the Tow-er We know the Bow Street Run-ners But they don't know this

W.W. Br.

DOD

All the Boys Fagin

tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i-o We'll be back soon Cheer-i-

E

FAG

-o but be back soon I dun-no some-how I'll miss you I love you that's why

W.W. Glock. W.W. Glock. W.W. Glock.

leggiero

FAG

I say cheer-i-o not good-bye Don't be gone long be back soon Give me

FAG

one long last look—bless you. Re-mem-ber our old tune Be back

Boys F

FAG

soon. We must dis-ap-pear, we'll be back here To-day per-haps to-mor-row. We'll

W.W. Str.

BOYS

miss you too, it's sad but true that part-ing is such sweet sor-row And when we're in the

W.W. Br.

BOYS

dis-tance You'll hear this whis-pered tune so long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o We'll

BOYS

be back soon _____ We must dis-ap-pear we'll be back here. To -

G *Fagin, pied piper fashion, leads the boys through*

Fagin

Cheer-i - o but be back soon. I dun-

Hn.

Trom.

W.W.

the thieves' kitchen until they are finally in the street

BOYS

-day per-haps to - mor - row. We'll miss you too, it's sad but true that

FAG

-no some-how I'll miss you I love you that's why I say cheer-i -

BOYS

part-ing is such sweet sor - row And when we're in the dis - tance You'll

FAG

-o not good-bye _____ Don't be gone long be back soon Give me

BOYS

hear this whis-pered tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o We'll be back

FAG

one long last look bless you. Re - mem - ber our old tune be back

BOYS

soon. And when you're in the dis-tance You'll hear this whis-pered tune So

FAG

soon.

Oliver and Dodger *To Fagin*

BOYS

long fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o We'll be back soon So long, fare thee well, Pip,

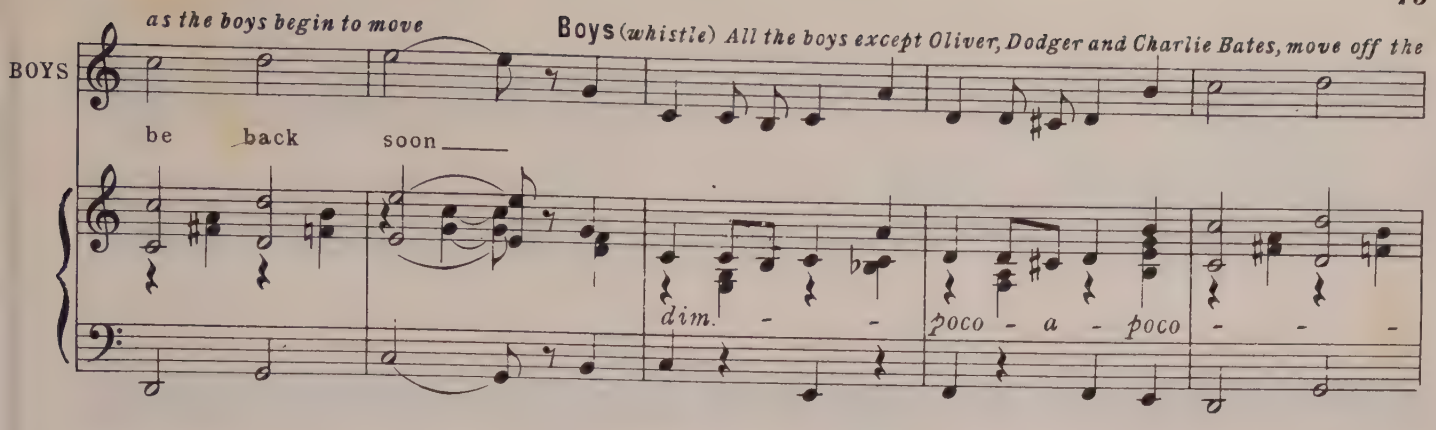
Str.

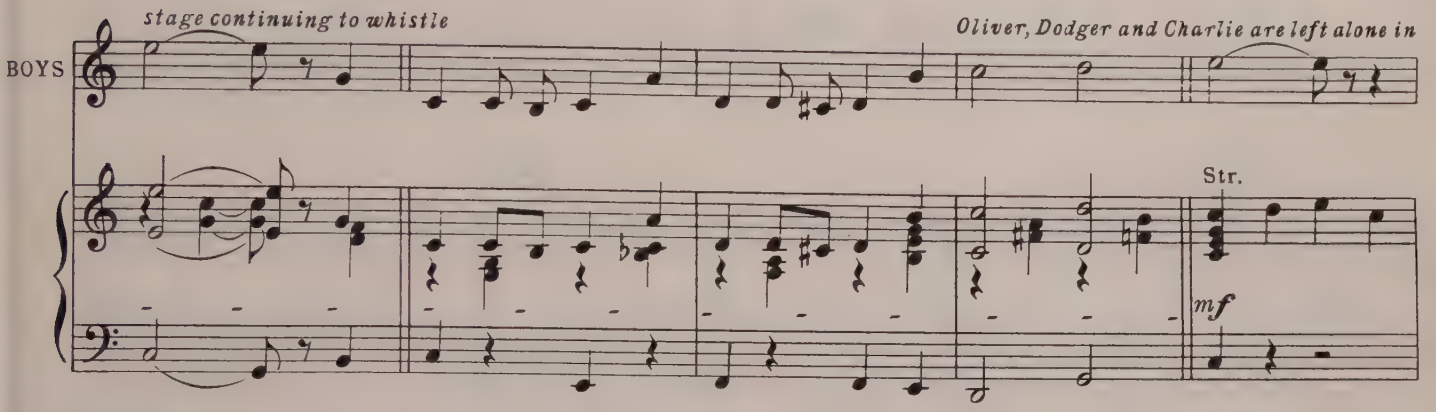
All the Boys

Fagin waves farewell

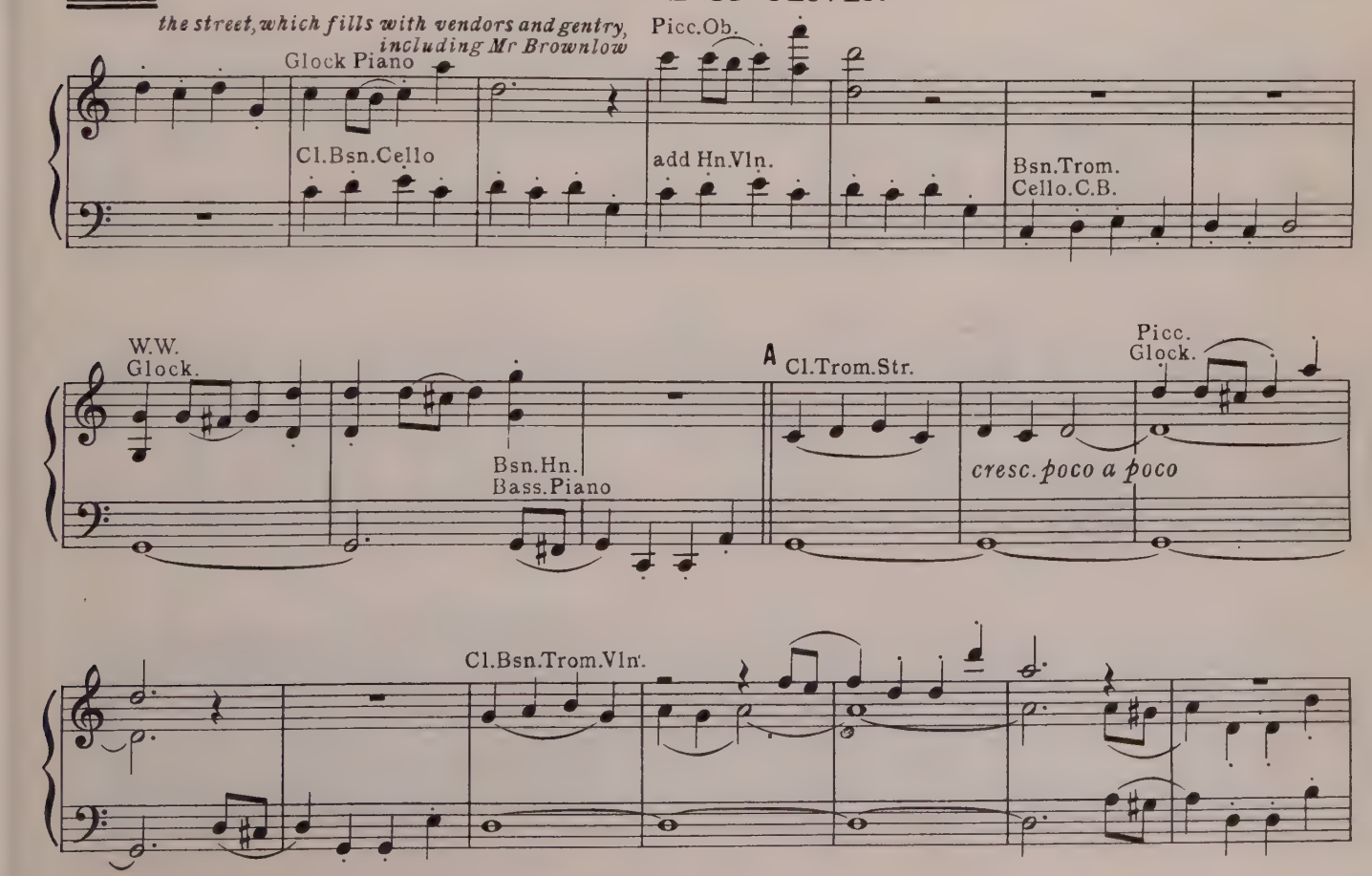
OLI
DOD

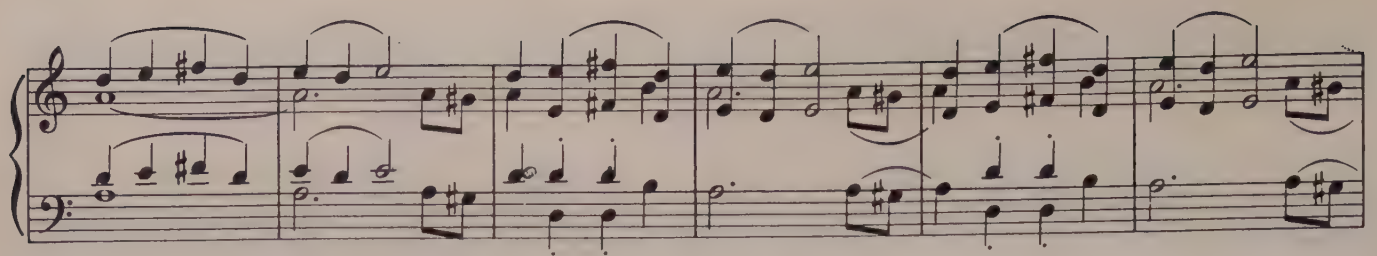
pip, cheer-i - o We'll be back soon So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o We'll

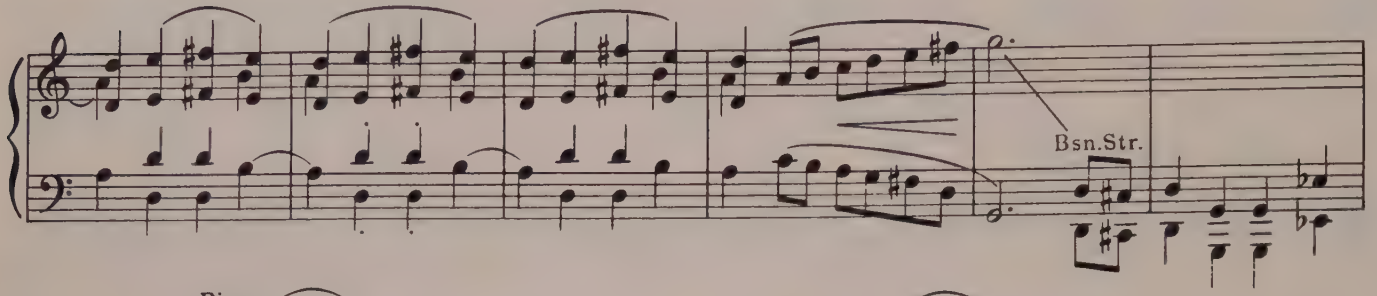


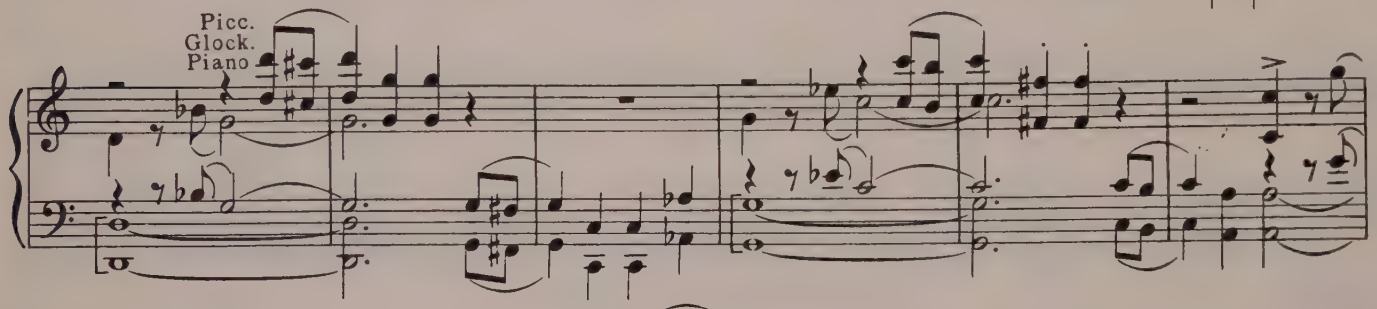


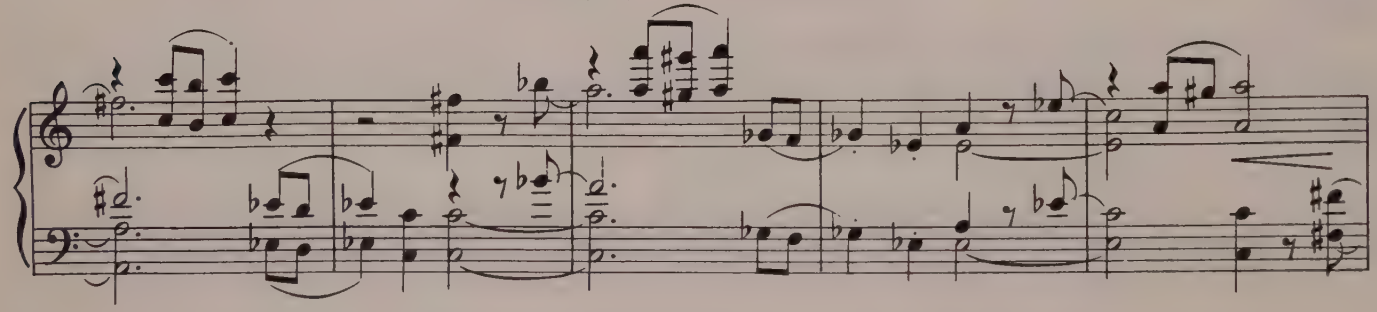
No 15a CAPTURE OF OLIVER

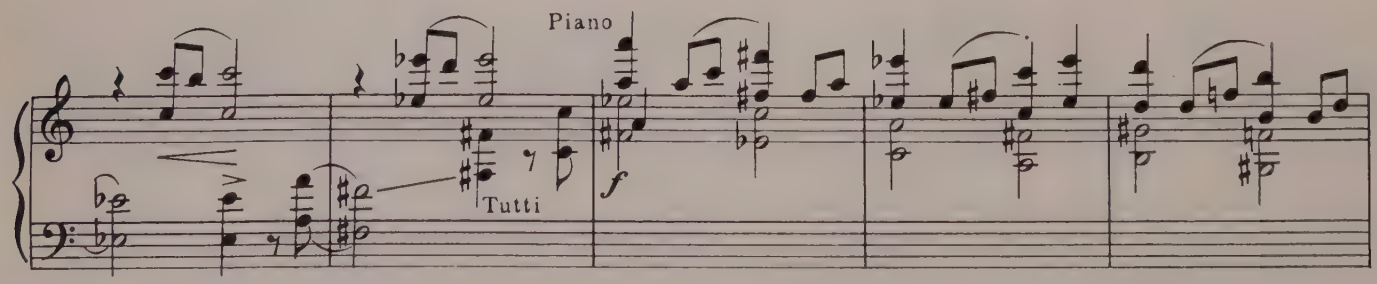


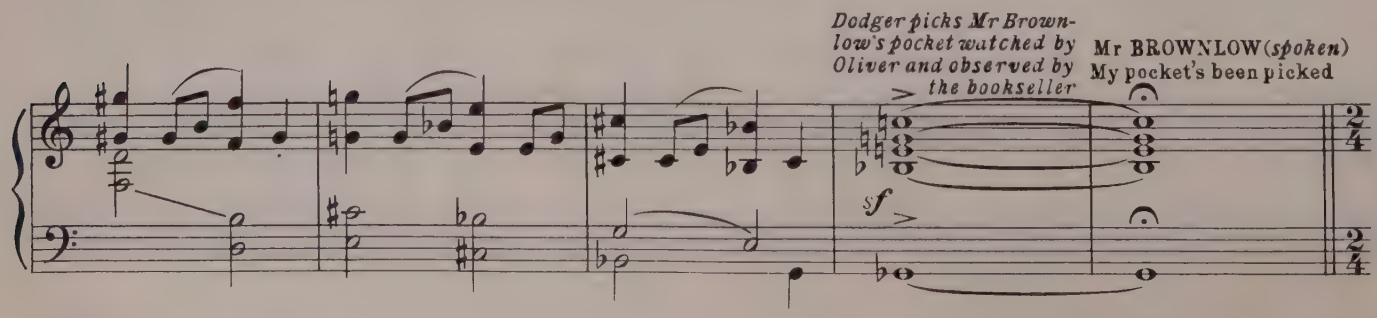



Bsn.Str.


Picc.
Glock.
Piano

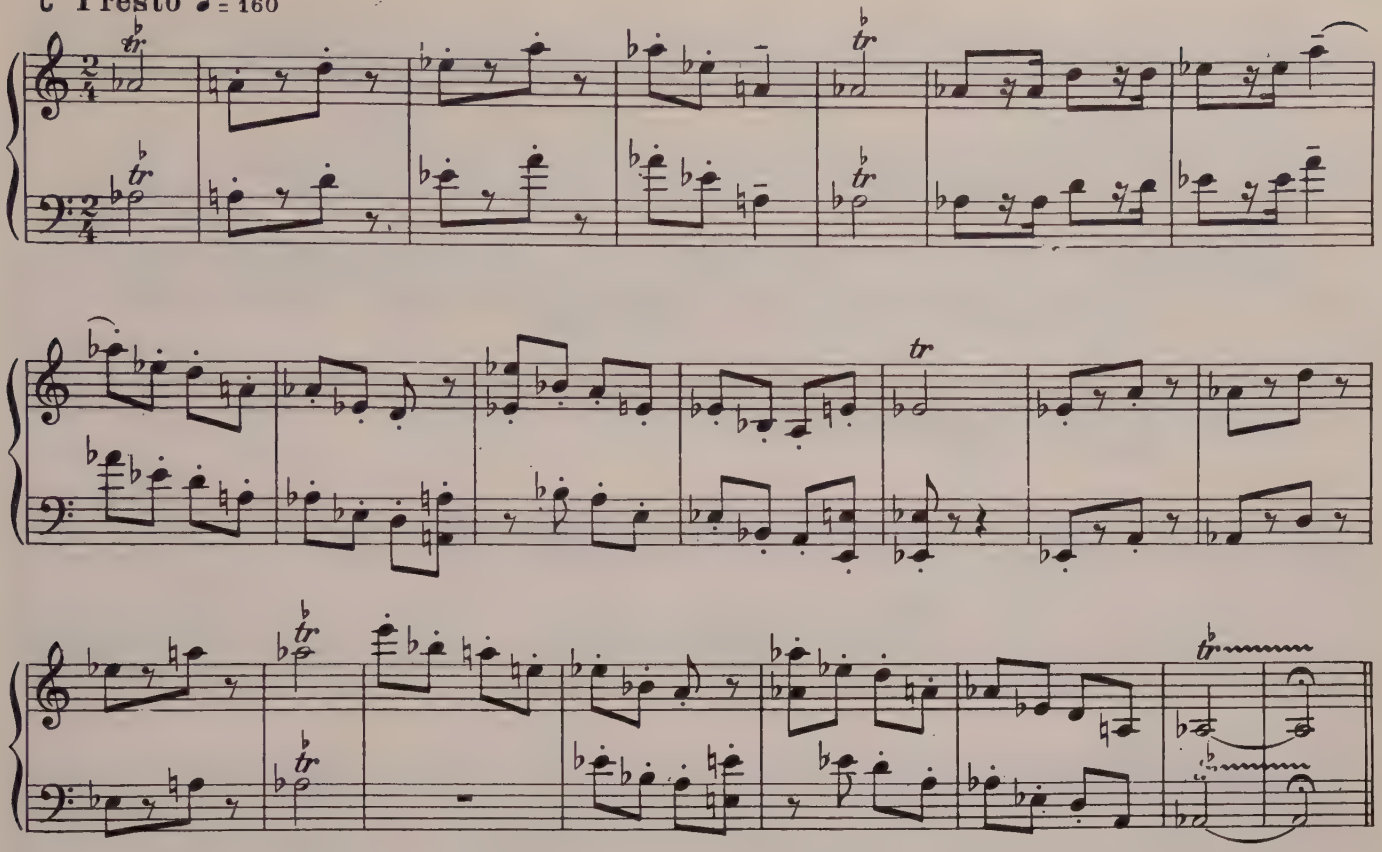



Piano
Tutti
f

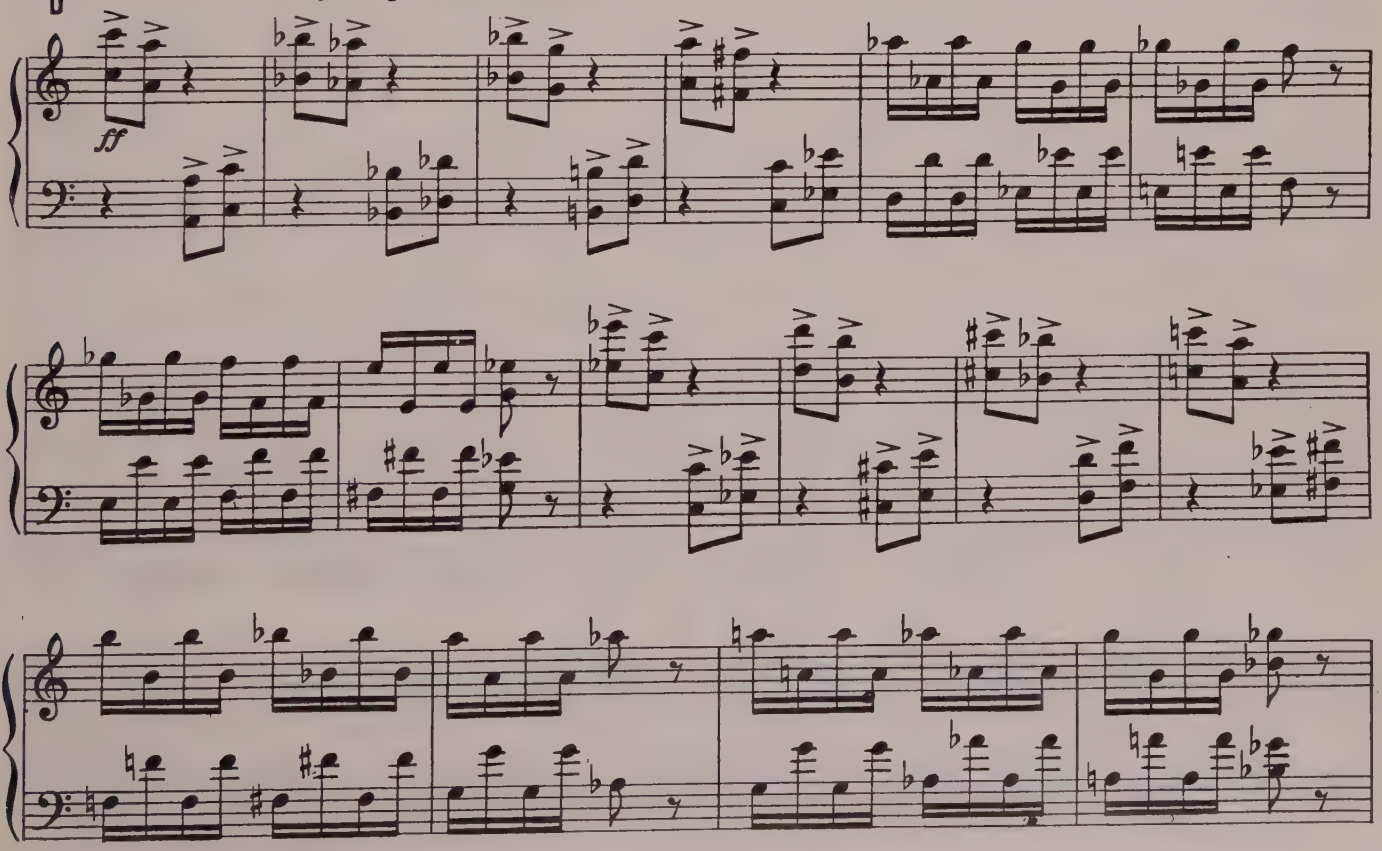

Dodger picks Mr Brownlow's pocket watched by Oliver and observed by the bookseller
Mr BROWNLOW (spoken)
My pocket's been picked
sf
2/4

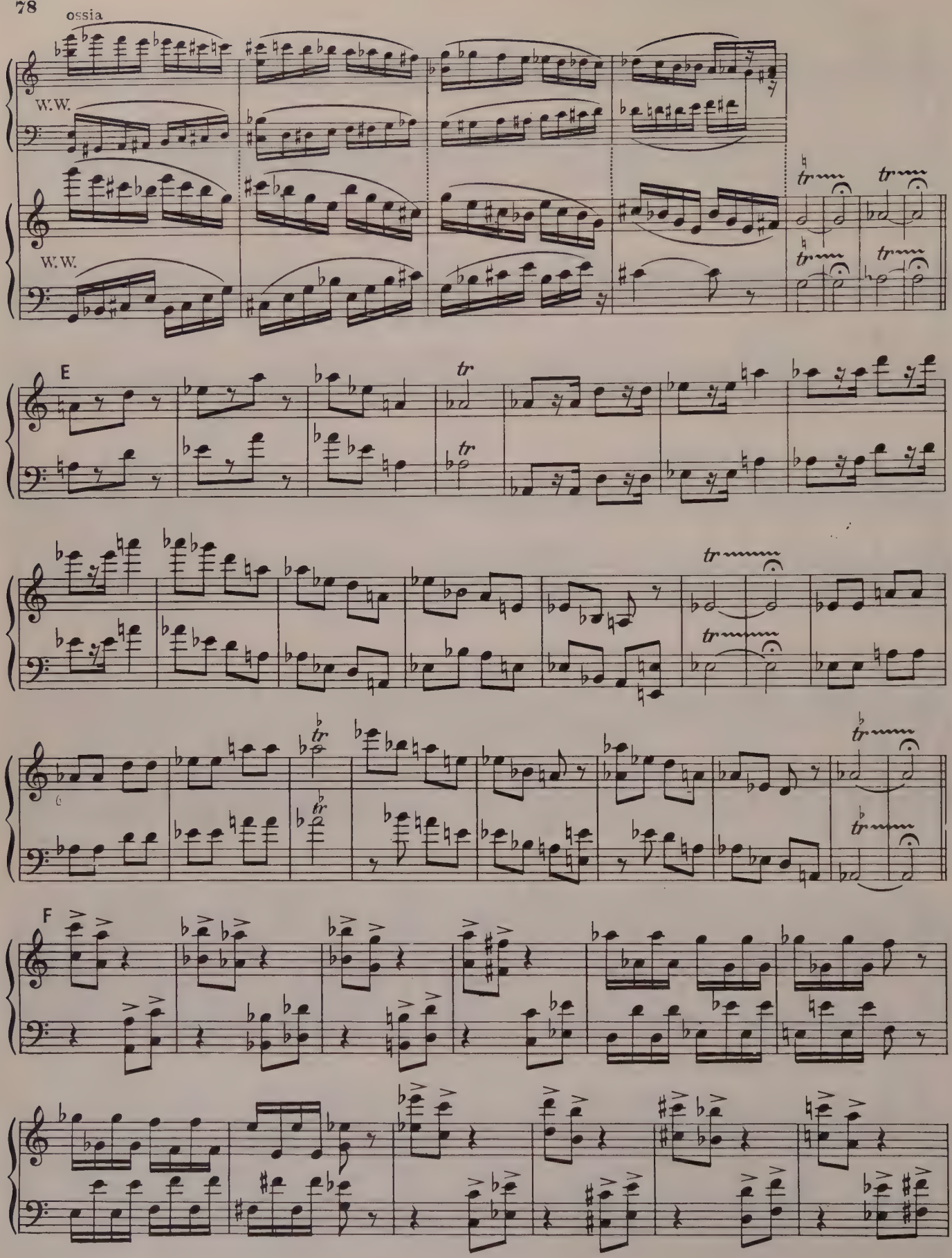
As Oliver stands transfixed, suspicion centres on him and he is encircled

C **Presto** ♩ = 160



D *Oliver makes a run for it pursued by the crowd*




ossia
W.W.
W.W.
E
tr
F

ossia

W.W.

W.W.

G

Oliver is encircled again

He makes a break for it and is — struck on the head

Oliver falls down unconscious.

He is lifted by two Bow Street runners

Mr Brownlow identifies him with a nod

Curtain

ff

Cym. 1.v.

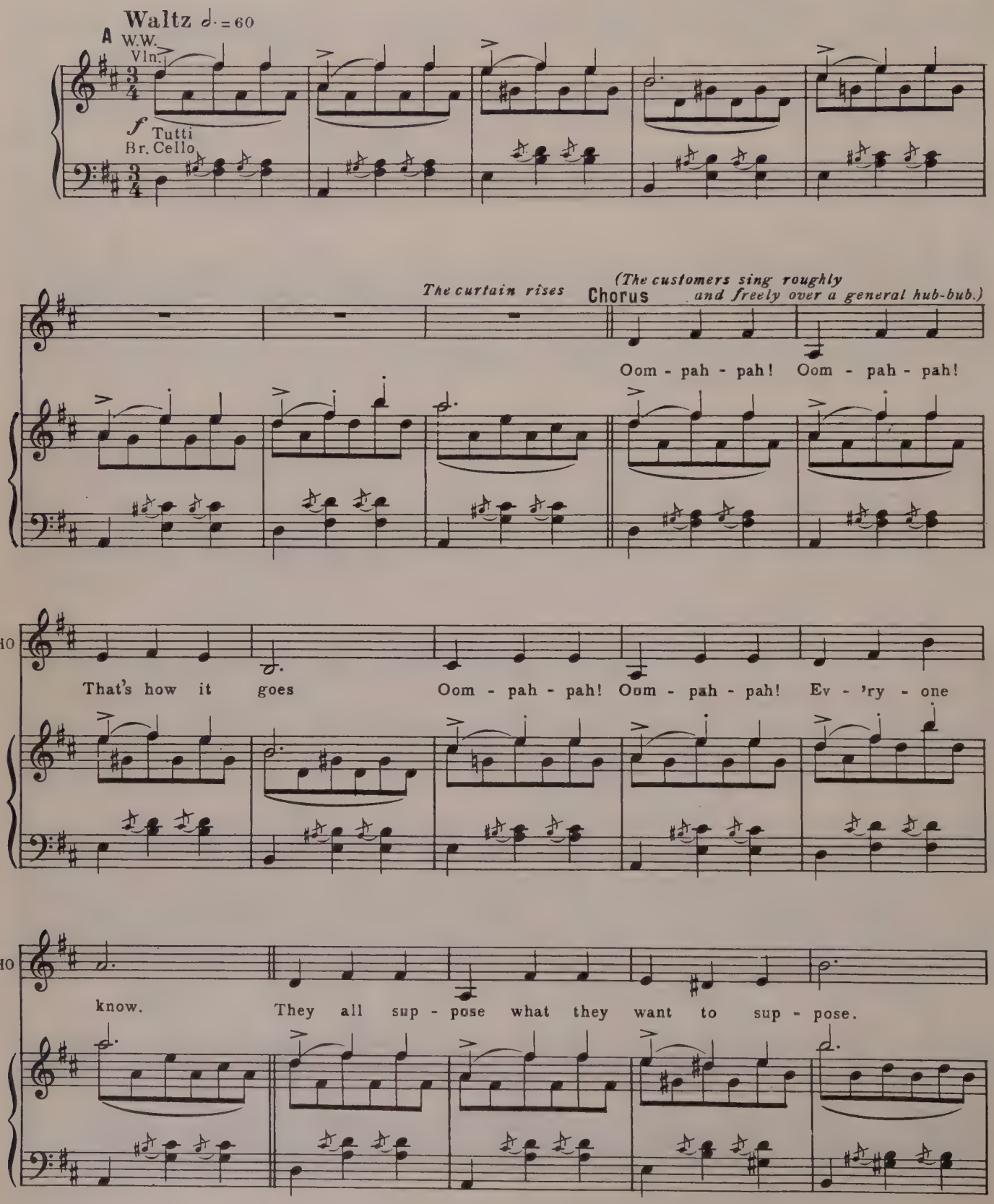
End of Act I

Act II

No. 16

SONG – (Nancy and Chorus)

"OOM - PAH - PAH"



The Chairman hammers on the table. B

CHAIRMAN *(spoken)*

CHO

when they hear Oom - pah - pah!

mf

Ladies and gentlemen, brethren and sinners all. I call upon our goddess of the virtues to

give us her well known rendition of the old School Song —— OOM - PAH - PAH!

The customers encourage Nancy noisily.

NANCY *(spoken tipsily)* All right! All right!

C

Nancy *(sings)*

The customers respond audibly at opportune moments

There's a lit-tle dit - ty They're

Repeat ad lib.

during Nancy's performance.

NAN

sing - ing in the ci - ty Es - pesh - ly when they've been on the gin or the beer.

NAN

If you've got the pa - tience, Your own i - ma-gi - na - tions, Will tell you just ex -

NAN

- act - ly what you want to hear. D Al! Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah!

ALL

That's how it goes. Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one

ALL

Nancy

knows. They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose.

NAN

When they hear Oom - pah - pah! Mis - ter Per-cy

E

mf

NAN

Snod - grass would of - ten have the odd glass—But ne - ver when he thought a - ny -

NAN

-bo - dy could see. Sec - ret - ly he'd buy it, And drink it on the

NAN

qui - et, And dream he was an earl with a girl on each knee!

F All

Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes. Oom - pah - pah!

ALL

Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows. What is the cause of his

Nancy

NAN

red shi - ny nose? Can it be Oom - pah - pah?

NAN

G

Pret - ty lit-tle Sal - ly goes walk - ing down the al - ley, Dis -

mf

NAN

-plays her pret-ty ank - les to all of the men. They could see her

NAN

gar - ters but not for free and gra - tis. An inch or two, and then she knows

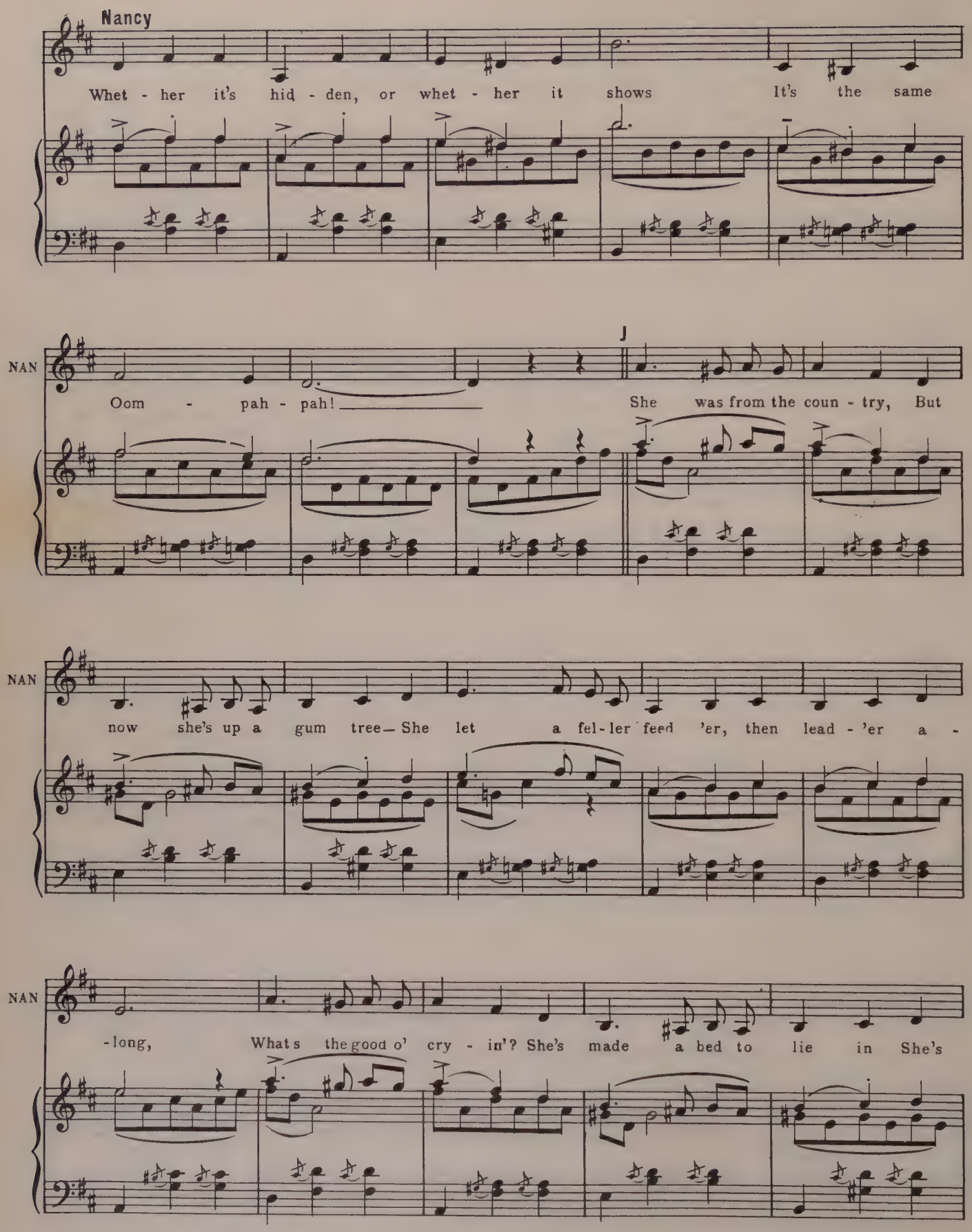
NAN

H All

when to say "when"! Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Thats how it

ALL

goes. Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.


Nancy
Whet - her it's hid - den, or whet - her it shows It's the same
NAN
Oom - pah - pah! She was from the coun - try, But
NAN
now she's up a gum tree— She let a fel - ler feed 'er, then lead - 'er a -
NAN
-long, What's the good o' cry - in'? She's made a bed to lie in She's

NAN

glad to bring the coin in and join in this song.

All K

Oom - pah - pah!

ALL

Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes. Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah!

Nancy

ALL

Ev - 'ry - one knows She is no lon - ger the same blush - ing

NANCY *(spoken)* All together now!

NAN

rose. E - ver since Oom - pah - pah!

L Nancy *sings*

There's a lit-tle dit - ty They're sing - ing in the ci - ty Es - pesh - ly when they've

Chorus

Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes. Oom - pah - pah!

NAN

been on the gin or the beer. If you've got the pa - tience, Your

CHO

Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows. They all sup - pose What they

NAN

own i - ma - gi - na - tions Will tell you just ex - act - ly what you want to

CHO

want to sup - pose. When they hear Oom - pah - pah!

M

NAN

hear. Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes.

CHO

Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes.

ALL

Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.

ALL

rall.

They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose

rall.

5

ALL

molto rit.

When they hear Oom - pah - pah!

The customers applaud wildly.

f molto rit.

No. 17

SONG— (Bill Sykes)

"MY NAME"

Bill Sykes enters and strikes the floor with his cudgel to gain attention.
Silence follows.

Cue: OLD HAG *(whispers loudly)* Bill Sykes!

A

Sykes *(sings)*

♩= 132

ff

W. W. and Str.

S.D.

dim.

Br.

Strong men trem-ble when they hear it!

Sykes slowly descends the stairs into the tavern

SYK

They've got cause e-nough to fear it! It's much black - er than they smear it!

SYK

No-bo-dy men-tions... My name! Rich men hold their five-pound notes out Saves me

Timp.

Br.

SYK

emp-ty-ing their coats out They know I could tear their throats out Just to live up to My name!

Timp.

B *Nancy rushes to Sykes' side and cuddles him. Sykes ignores her.*

SYK Wiv' me jem-my in me hand, Lem-me see the man who dares.

W. W.

SYK Stop me tak-ing what I may He can start to say his prayers!

Nancy begins to flirt with one of the other customers.

SYK Bi - ceps like an i - ron gir - der Fit for do-ing of a mur-der, If I

Br.

Sykes sees Nancy flirting with the customer, pulls her away and knocks the man out. He then leaps on the table and shouts-

SYK just so much as heard a bloke ev-en whis-per... My name! Bill Sykes!

Timp. *sfz*

A 2

SYK

Strong men trem-ble when they hear it! They've got

f

Br.

SYK

cause e-nough to fear it! It's much black-er than they smear it! No-bo-dy men-tions... My name!

Timp.

SYK

Some toff slum ming wiv' his val - et, Bump'd in - to me in the al - ley Now his

Br.

B 2

SYK

eyes-ll nev-er tal - ly He'd nev-er heard of My name! One bloke used ter boast the claim

W. W.

Timp.

Oliver

SYK

He could take my name in vain Poor bloke Shame-e was so green Nev-er was he seen a-

SYK

-gain! Once bad, what's the good of turn-ing In hell! I'll be there a burn-ing

Br.

Sykes walks around the saloon baring his fist at one and all, daring them to answer.

SYK

Mean while, think of what I'm earn-ing All on ac-count of... My name!

sfz

Timp.

SYK

What is it?___ What is it?___ What is it?___

(jubilantly)

My name!

Str. Br. W.W.

Tutti *ff*

Dialogue

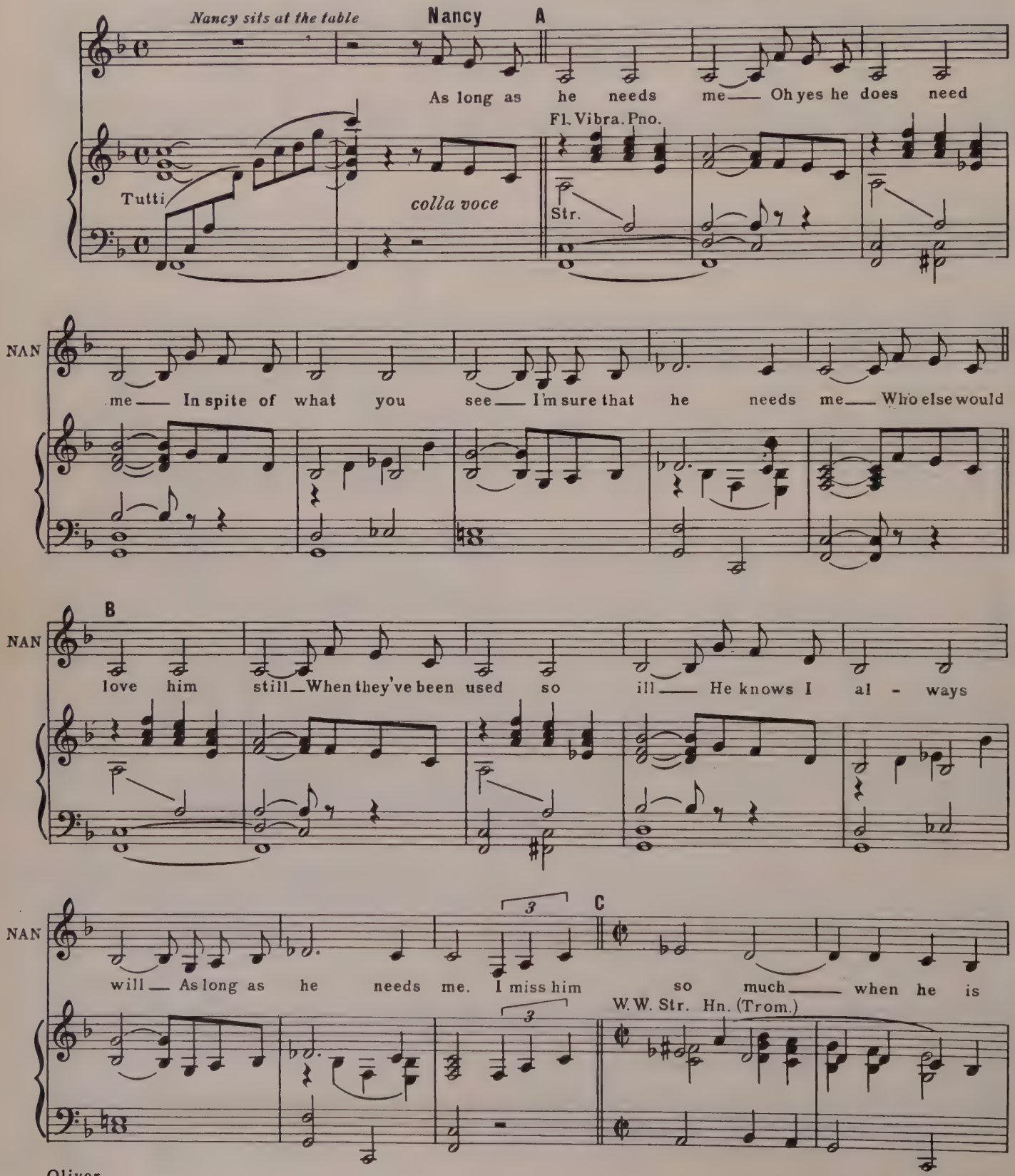
Oliver

Nº 18

SONG— (Nancy)

"AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME"

(The hurdy-gurdy can still be heard outside and is interrupted by the first chord of the song.)



NAN

gone But when he's near me I don't let on The way I

ten.

Hn.

D **Tempo I**

NAN

feel in - side The love I have to hide The hell! I've

Fl. Vibra. Pno.

Str.

NAN

got my pride As long as he needs me. He does-n't say the

E

NAN

things he should He acts the way he thinks he should But all the same I'll

Fl.

NAN

play This game his way As long as

rall.

Fl.

Oliver

F ♩= 88

NAN

he needs me — I know where I must be — I'll cling on stead - fast -

Fl. Vibra. Pno.

Str.

G *The tavern keeper clears glasses from the ta-ble and indicates that Nancy should leave.*

NAN

-ly — As long as he needs me — As long as life is long — I'll love him

Str.

NAN

right or wrong — And some-how I'll be strong — As long as he needs

H

Nancy rises and goes to the foot of the stairs.

NAN

me If you are lone - ly — then you will know When some-one

ten. *ten.*

W. W. Str.

Hn (Trom.)

She begins to mount the stairs

NAN

needs you — you love them so — I won't be - tray his

ten. *ten.*

J

Tutti

Hn.

rit.

f

Timp.

Oliver

NAN

Nancy exits

trust — Tho' peo-ple say I must — I've got to stay true

NAN

ten. ten. ten.

just — as long as he needs me —

Tutti

f

attacca

No 19 CHANGE OF SCENE

♩= 76

Cor A. Hn. Vln.

The scene changes to a bedroom in Mr Brownlow's house

p

Cl.

Bsn. Cello

Glock.

Pno.

Trom.

attacca

No 20

REPRISE— (Mrs Bedwin)

"WHERE IS LOVE?"

♩= 76

Mrs Bedwin— *sings to Oliver who is asleep*

Where is love? Does it fall from skies a bove?

Cl
Bsn
Cello
C.B.
p
Cor. Ang.
Fl.
add Trom. (Cup mute)

Mrs BE

Is it un-der-neath the wil - low tree that I've been dream - ing of?

add Vibra.
Vln.

A

Oliver wakes and embraces Mrs Bedwin

Mrs BE

Where is she?

Pno.
Vln.
mp
Cym.

They look out of the window as street criers appear

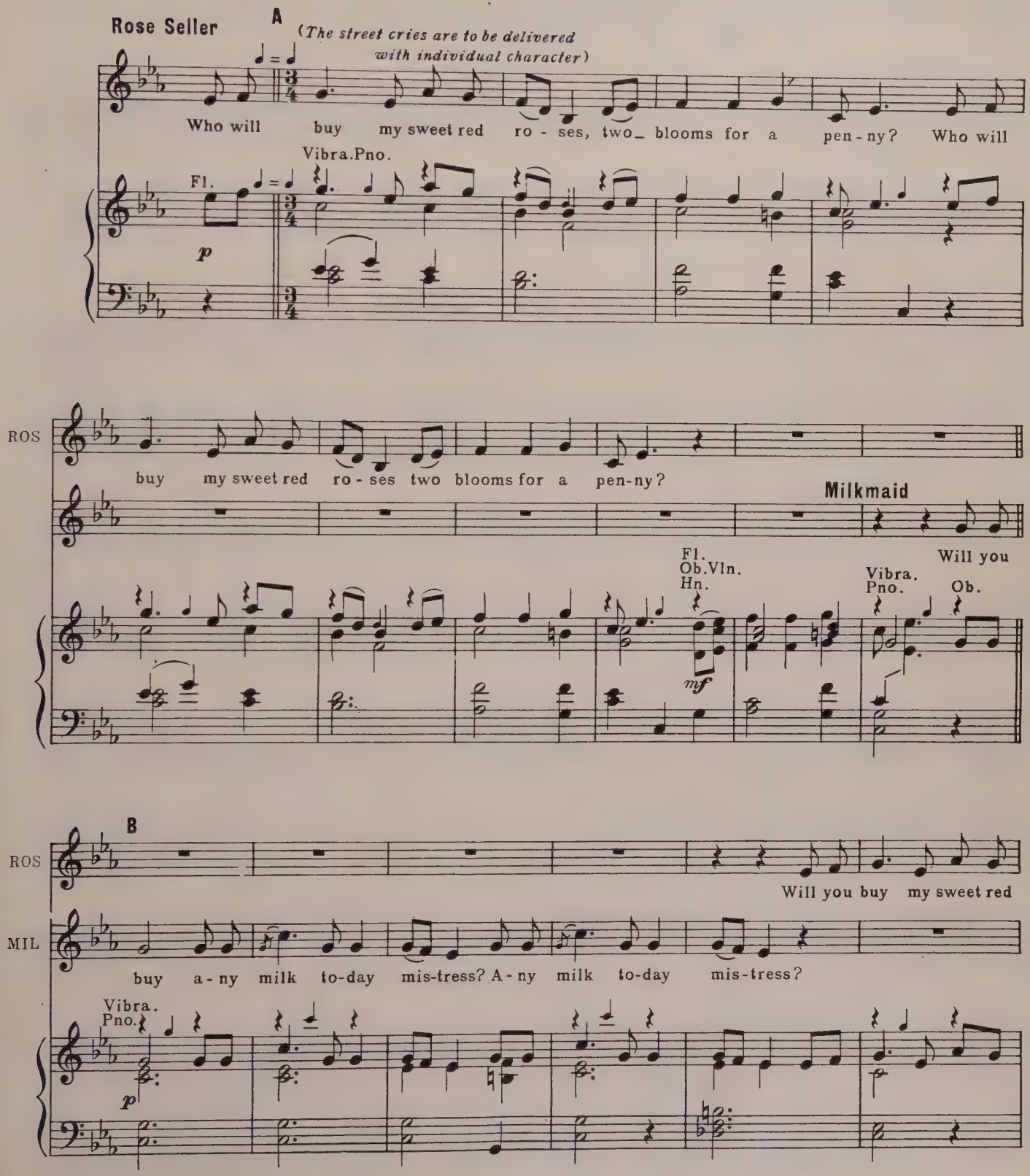
Mrs BE

Vln.
Cor. A.
f
Vibra
attacca

Oliver

Nº 21 ENSEMBLE—(Oliver, Street Criers and Chorus)

"WHO WILL BUY?"



ROS

ro - ses? Two blooms for a pen-ny

MIL

A-ny milk to-day Mis-tress?

Ob. Fl. 8va Vln.

Vibra.
Pno.

C

Milkmaid

Strawberry Seller

A-ny milk to-day,

Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! Ripe straw-ber-ries,

Vibra.

Ob.

Rose Seller

Will you buy my sweet red ro - ses

MIL

mis - tress? A - ny

STRAW

ripe! Ripe, straw-ber-ries ripe!

Fl. Vibra. Ob.

ROS

Who will buy? Who will

MIL

milk to-day mis - tress?

STRAW

Ripe straw-ber-ries,

Knife Grinder

Knives, knives to grind. A - ny knives to grind

Trom.

Vln. 8va

Fl. 8va

D

ROS

buy my sweet red ro - ses Who will buy my sweet red

MIL

A - ny milk to-day mis - tress? A - ny milk to -

STRAW

ripe! Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe!

KNI

Knives, knives to grind A - ny knives to

Vln.

Fl. 8va

Trom.

Ob. 8va

ROS
ro - ses?
Who will buy?

MIL
- day?
Who will buy?

STRAW

KNI
grind!
Who will buy?

Long-Song Seller
Who will buy?

E
Poco più mosso

Rose Seller
Who will

Oliver
Who will buy this won-der-ful mor - ning?
Such a sky You ne-ver did see

Tutti
(Str. trem.)
p
Fl.
mf

ROS
buy my sweet red ro - ses?

OLI
Who will tie It up with a rib - bon. And

Strawberry Seller

Ripe straw-ber-ries ripe

F

OLI

put it in a box for me?

So I could see it at my

W.W. tr

r.h. l.h.

Vln.

W.W. Str.

OLI

lei-sure When - e - ver things go wrong, And I would keep it as a trea-sure To

Fl. Ob.

Milkmaid

A-ny milk to - day?

G

OLI

last my whole life long

Who will buy this won-der-ful feel - ing?

Ob.

Tutti

(Str. trem.)

p

Strawberry Seller

Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe!

Knife Grinder

Knives, knives to grind.

OLI

I'm so high I swear I could fly

Me, oh my! I

Vln.

mf

Trom.

p

OLI

in 4

don't want to lose it So what am I to do. To keep the sky so blue? There

p *r.h.*

in 4

Rose Seller

Who will buy?

Milkmaid

Who will buy?

Knife Grinder

Who will buy?

Long Song Seller

Who will buy?

OLI

must be some-one who will buy.

H

Mr Brownlow and Dr. Grimwig enter

They climb the stairs

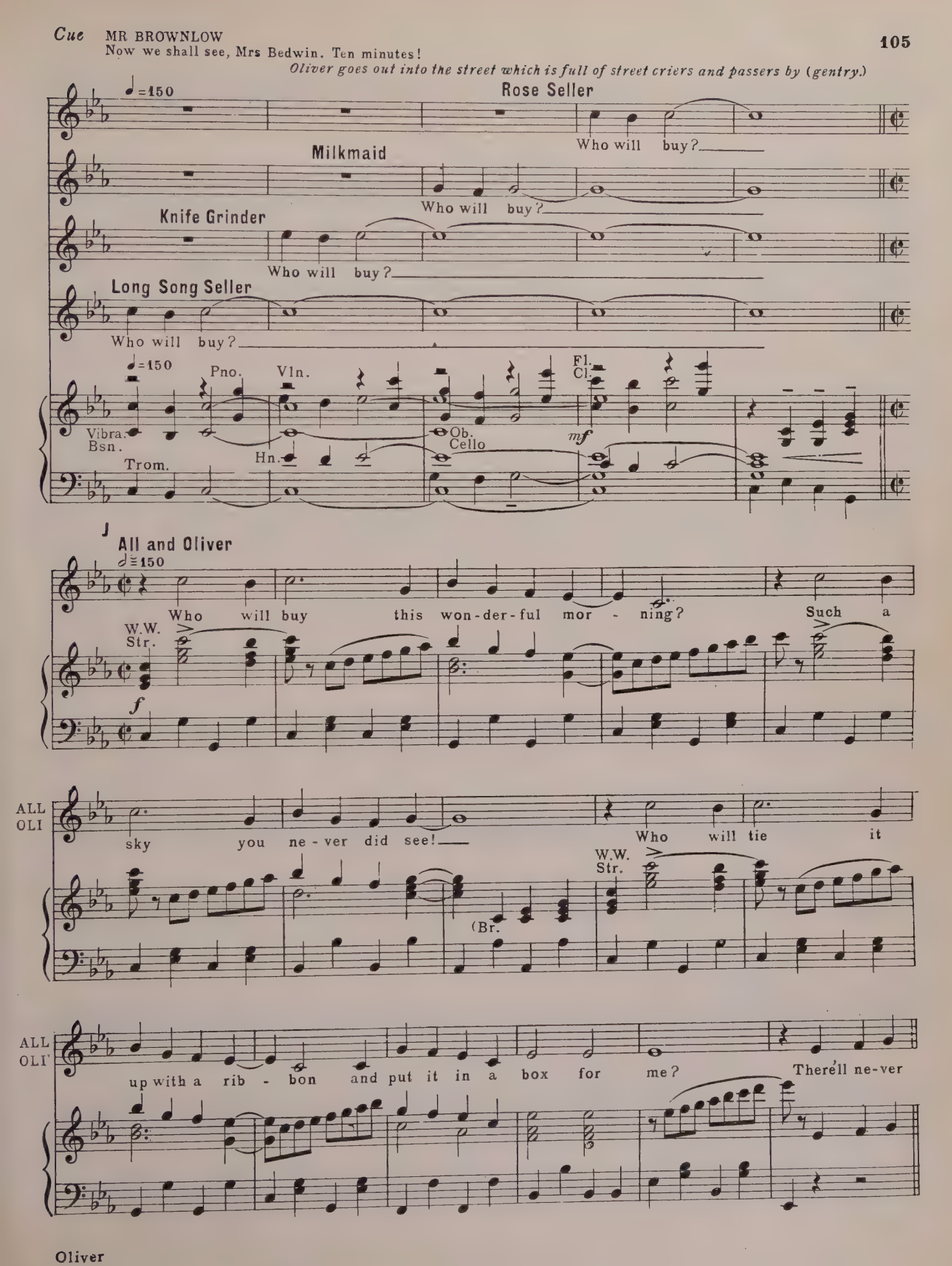
MR BROWNLOW (*spoken*)
Come in, Doctor. I think you'll find a great improvement in the boy

DR. GRIMWIG
That's for me to say sir

Dialogue

Cue MR BROWNLOW
Now we shall see, Mrs Bedwin. Ten minutes!

Oliver goes out into the street which is full of street criers and passers by (gentry.)



K

ALL
OLI

be a day so sun-ny It could not hap - pen

W.W.

Str.
Br.

ALL
OLI

twice. Where is the man with all the mo - ney? It's

tr

etc.

ALL
OLI

cheap at half the price! Who will

etc.

W.W.
Str.

ALL
OLI

buy This won-der-ful feel - ing? I'm so high I

ALL OLI

swear I could fly. Me, oh my! I don't want to lose

W.W. Str.

(Br

The crowd freezes in tableau.

(freely)

Oliver

ALL OLI

it. So what am I to do To keep the sky so blue? There

p

colla voce

The crowd disperses.

Rose Seller

Who will buy my sweet red

OLI

must be some-one who will BUY!

Fl.

As Oliver walks off, Nancy appears and seizes him.

ROS

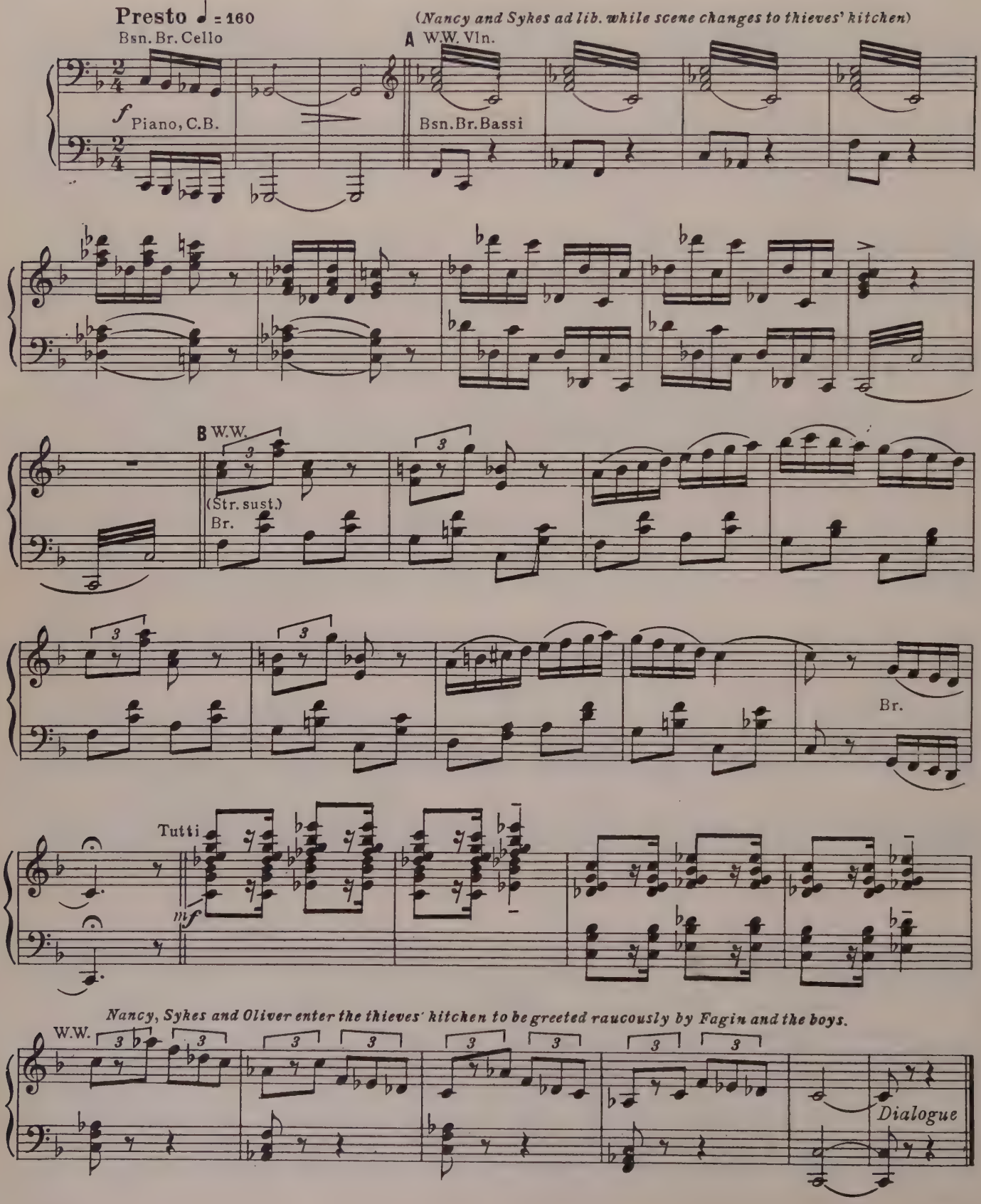
ro - ses, two blooms for a pen - ny?

Dialogue

Oliver

No. 22 CHANGE OF SCENE

Cue: SYKES: He's nothing but a thief and a vagabond.



No 23 REPRISE —(Nancy, Bill Sykes, Fagin and The Artful Dodger)

"IT'S A FINE LIFE"

Cue: NANCY: Civil words, yes, you deserve them from me. I thieved when I was half his age and for twelve years since.

SYKES: Well, if you have, it's your living.

Fast ♩ = 108

A Nancy *(with suppressed hysteria)* Sykes

Some liv-ing! Some liv-ing! What you de-serve you get.

Tutti

Str. W.W. Trom.

Nancy

No get-ting All giv-ing.

Sykes

There'll be mur-ders! There'll be ter-ror,

Fagin

Must we have mur-ders yet?

etc. Bsn. Trom.

Nancy

Lord help me!

SYK

Such as you've nev-er seen. Watch it Nan-cy, make no er - ror! There ain't no in - be-

Fagin

No vio-lence! Please, no vio - lence! Please, no scenes.

Vln. Bsn.

Nancy

rit.

Lord help me! If you don't mind ma-king a mate of Sa-tan It's a

SYK

-tween In life.

FAG

No vio-lence!

rit. W.W. Str.Hn. B ♩ = 150 *a tempo* Hn. W.W.

NAN

fine life!

SYK

Fine life! No we don't mind keep-ing the an-gels wait-ing It's a

FAG

My life! Sa-tan!

W.W. Hn.

Dodger Nancy Sykes

Fine life! Fine life! Watch out!

Fagin

SYK

fine life! Come—Bet-ter do as you are told, Bill has

Trom. Fl. Bsn. Bsn. W.W. Trom.

Oliver

SYK

Get out! on the job! Shut your

FAG

got a heart of gold Bet - ter not to mess with it. Bet - ter

add Ob. Trom.

Nancy

portamento Nancy exits.

Fine Life!

Dodger

portamento

Fine Life!

SYK

portamento

gob! Fine Life!

FAG

portamento

make the best of it. It's a Fine Life!

Trom. Hn.Vln. gliss.

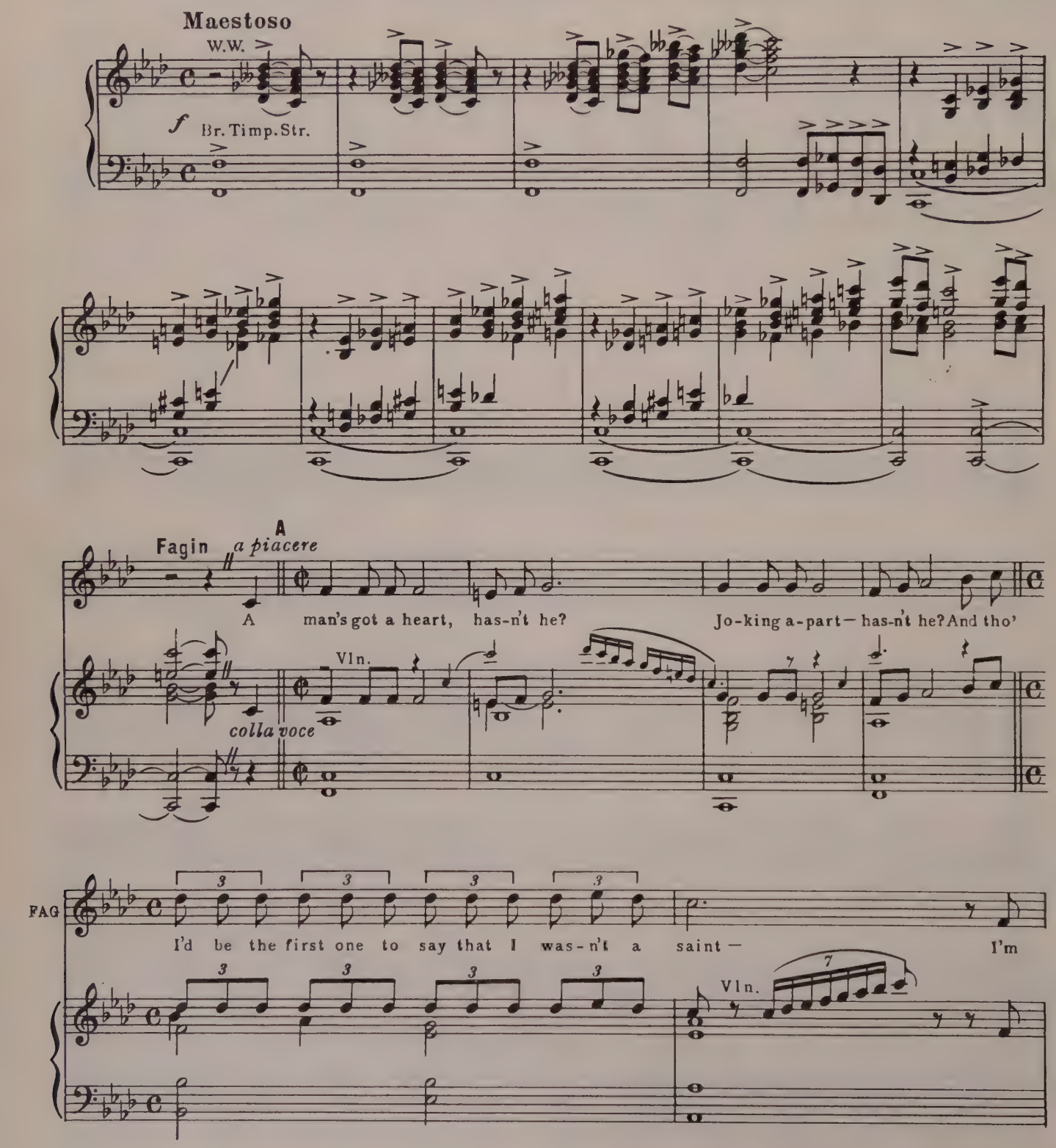
Tutti segue

No. 24

SONG—(Fagin)

"REVIEWING THE SITUATION"

Cue: FAGIN: *(spoken) to Sykes*: Look after her, Bill. *(Sykes follows Nancy off)*
to Dodger: Look after him, Dodger— *(Dodger takes Oliver off)*
to Audience: —and I'll look after meself.



FAG

find-ing it hard to be real-ly as black as they paint — I'm re - view-ing —

Vln.

B ♩ = 108

W.W.

FAG

— the sit - u - a - tion — can a fell-ow be a vill-ain all his

FAG

life? — All the tri - als — and trib-u - la - tion —

Br.

FAG

— Bet-ter set-tle down and get my-self a wife. — And a

W.W.

Br.

A

accel. poco a poco

FAG

wife would cook and sew for me, And come for me and go for me (And *go for me*), and

(W.W. Str. S.D.)

accel. poco a poco

(accel.)

FAG

nag at me, The fin-gers she will wag at me, The mon-ey she will take from me, A

(accel.)

Tempo I

FAG

mis-er-y, she'll make from me— I think I'd bet-ter think it out a-gain.

C

a piacere

FAG

A wife you can keep, an-y-way I'd ra-ther sleep an-y-way, Left with-

Vln.

colla voce

FAG

-out an-y-one in the world and I'm start-ing from now— So

Vln.

FAG

how to win friends and to in-flu-ence peo-ple, so how? I'm re-view-ing

D ♩ = 108

Vln.

W.W.

FAG

— the sit - u - a - tion I must quick-ly look up ev - 'ry-one I

FAG

know Ti-tled peo-ple with a sta-tion

Br.

FAG

— Who can help me make a real im-pres-sive show I will

W.W. Br.

FAG

accel. poco a poco

own a suite at Cla-rid-ges, And run a fleet of car-ria-ges, And wave at all the

(W.W. Str.S.D.) *accel. poco a poco*

FAG

(accel.) *(He waves graciously)*

Duch-es-ses with friend-li-ness, as much as is be - fit-ting of my new es-tate "Good

(accel.)

meno mosso

FAG

mor-row to you, Mag-is-trate!" I think I'd bet-ter think it out a-gain.

W.W.

meno mosso

E

à piacere

FAG

So where shall I go? Some-bod-y? Who do I know? No-bod-y! All my

Vln.

colla voce

FAG

dear-est com-pan-ions have al-ways been vill-ains and thieves— So at

Vln.

FAG

my time of life I should start turn-ing o-ver new leaves? I'm re-view-ing

F ♩ = 108

Vln.

W.W.

FAG

the sit-u-a-tion If you want to eat you've got to earn a bob!

Br.

FAG

— Is it such a hu-mi-li-a-tion For a

FAG

rob-ber to per-form an hon-est job? So a job I'm get-ting

accel. poco a poco

W.W.

Br.

(W.W. Str. S.D.)

accel. poco a poco

FAG

poss-ib-ly, I won-der how the boss-'ll be? I won-der if he'll take to me? What

FAG

bo-nus-es he'll make to me? I'll start at eight, and fin-ish late, At nor-mal rate and

accel.

accel.

FAG

all, but wait! I think I'd bet-ter think it out a-gain What

a piacere

W.W.

colla voce

G

FAG

hap-pens when I'm sev-en-ty? Must come a time— Sev-en-ty When you're

Vln.

FAG

old and it's cold and who cares if you live or you die. Your

Vln.

FAG

one con-so-la-tion's the mon-ey you may have put by I'm re - view-ing

H (♩ = 108)

Vln.

W.W.

FAG

the sit-u-a-tion I'm a bad 'un and a bad 'un I shall

FAG

stay! You'll be see-ing no trans-for-ma-tion

Br.

FAG

— But it's wrong to be a rogue in ev - 'ry way — I don't

W.W. Br.

accel. poco a poco

FAG

want no - bo - dy hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This rot - ten life is

W.W. Str.S.D. *accel. poco a poco*

(accel.) *meno mosso*

FAG

not for me. It's get - ting far too hot for me. Don't want no - one to rob for me, But

(accel.) *meno mosso*

rall.

FAG

who will find a job for me? {★I don't care what they've got for me. But who will change the
There is no in be - tween for me. But who will change the

rall.

prestissimo

FAG

plot for — me? } I think I'll have to think it out a - gain. Hey!
scene for — me?

prestissimo Tutti *attacca*

★*Footnote:* The lower line of words was used in the original production at The New Theatre, and at this point the scene began to change, Fagin returning to the fireplace to count his money as the revolve took him off.

No 24a CHANGE OF SCENE

The scene continues to change into the workhouse parlour

Mr Bumble enters

alla marcia

Vln. *ten.* *ten.*

Cl.

Bsn. *ten.* *ten.*

Br.

W.W.

W.W.

Hn.

Mr Bumble sits on the parlour steps

Cym.

Timp.

sfz

Dialogue

No 24b CHANGE OF SCENE

Mr Bumble makes to exit, cuffing a small boy who has been laughing at his scene with Widow Corney (Boy exits crying)

Adagio

Vln.

The lights come up on the back room of the workhouse where old Sally lies dying

Cello

p misterioso

Bsn.

Repeat ad lib. until Sally dies

Segue

No 25

REPRISE—(Widow Corney and Mr Bumble)

"OLIVER"

Cue: WIDOW CORNEY: We must retrieve that boy Mr Bumble
Mr BUMBLE: We must indeed ma'am, we must indeed

A W. Corney Mr Bumble (*sing*) — W. Corney

O - li-ver! O - li-ver! That was the mite with the large ap-pe-tite.

W.W. Str. *f* Tutti

Both — Mr Bumble — W. Corney

O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Ap - pa - rent - ly he's from a rich fam - i - ly And to

B — Mr Bumble

W COR think we near - ly stu - pid - ly went and lost track of him If the

Cl. Bsn.

Mr BU truth were known We both were de - light - ed at see - ing the back of him.

C Both — Mr Bumble — W. Corney (*spoken*) — *She produces the locket* — Both

rall.

O - li - ver! O - li - ver! What - 'll we do? We must give him his due. And we'll

rall.

a tempo — *Widow Corney and Mr Bumble exit*

W COR
Mr BU

praise the day Some-bo-dy gave us O - li - ver!

a tempo

W.W.

f

D *The scene changes to the interior of Mr Brownlow's home. Widow Corney and Mr Bumble enter.* *Widow Corney*

W.W.

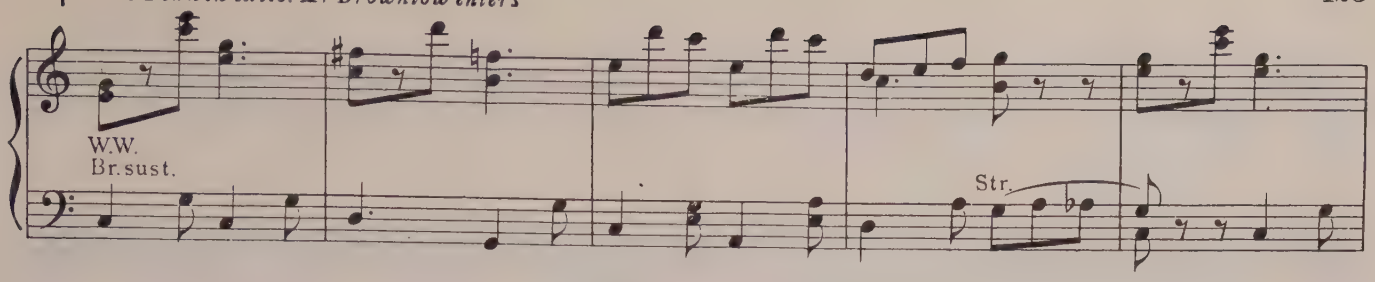
Br. Str. Br. Str. Str.

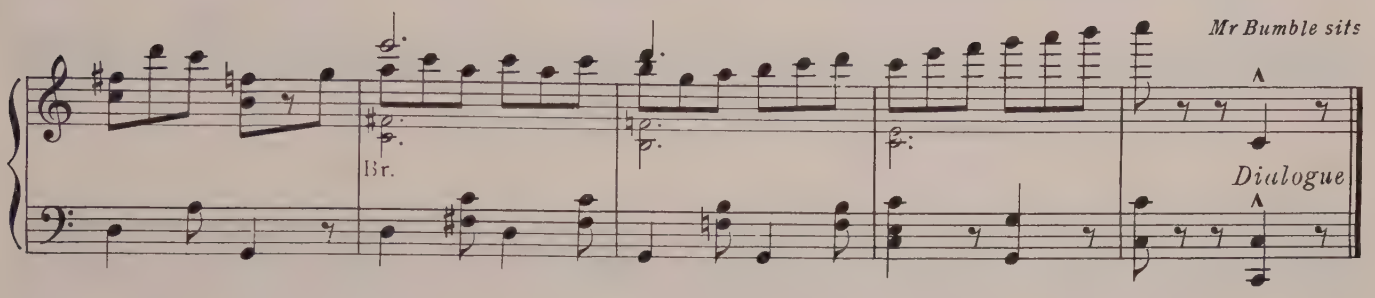
straightens Mr Bumble's hat and exits. Mrs Bedwin opens the front door. E Mr BUMBLE (*spoken*)
Is Mr Bedwin at home. I've come about Oliver

Br. Br.Cello Cl.Vln.Bsn.

Twist. Mrs BEDWIN: Come in, come in! I knew we should hear of him, poor dear. I knew we should. Bless his heart I knew it all along.

W.W. Br.Cello





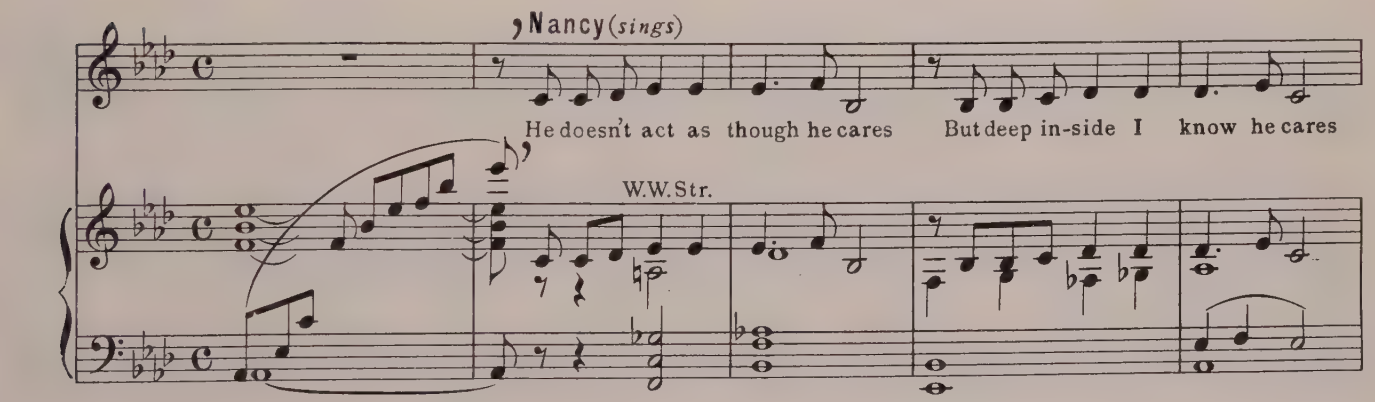
No 26

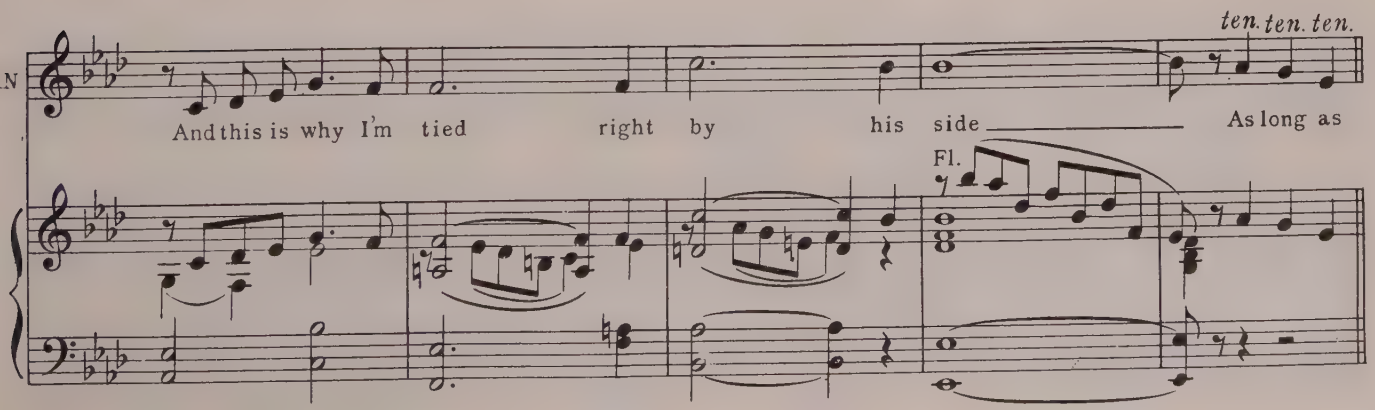
REPRISE – (Nancy)

"AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME"

Cue: NANCY: Then tonight, between eleven and the time the clock strikes twelve,
I will walk on London Bridge – and I will bring Oliver!

She leaves Mr Brownlow's house and enters the street





A Slowly

NAN

he needs me I know where I must be But will he

Fl.Vibra.Piano

NAN

ev - er see That some-one else needs me? As long as

B

NAN

life is long I'll love him, right or wrong But he's so

Fl.Vibra.Piano

NAN

big and strong And some-one else needs me. A child with

C

NAN

no - one to take his part I'll take his

part, Bill but cross my heart I won't be -

D

NAN

-tray your trust Tho' peo-ple say I must I've got to stay true

Nancy exits

NAN

just as long as Bill needs me.

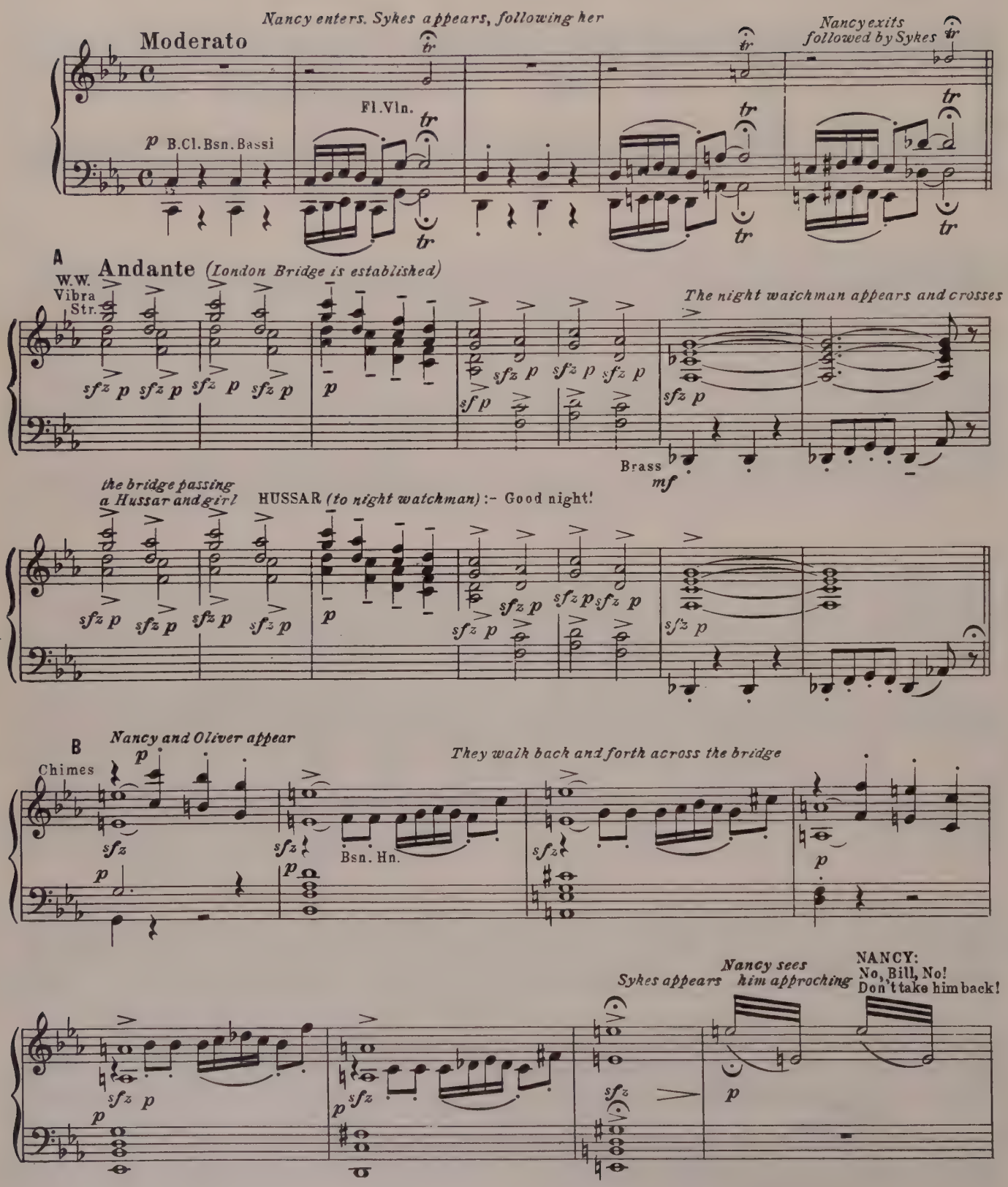
Tutti

f

End of Scene

Oliver

No. 27 LONDON BRIDGE



NANCY:- Let him go for pity's sake
SYKES:- It's a dark night my girl, but it's light enough for what I've got to do
NANCY:- I wasn't going to blow the gaff honest. Bill, why are you looking at me like that? (*she sees his gun*) No, Bill!

Allegro

Sykes strikes Oliver
Oliver falls, stunned
Nancy turns and runs
sfz
f WW Str.

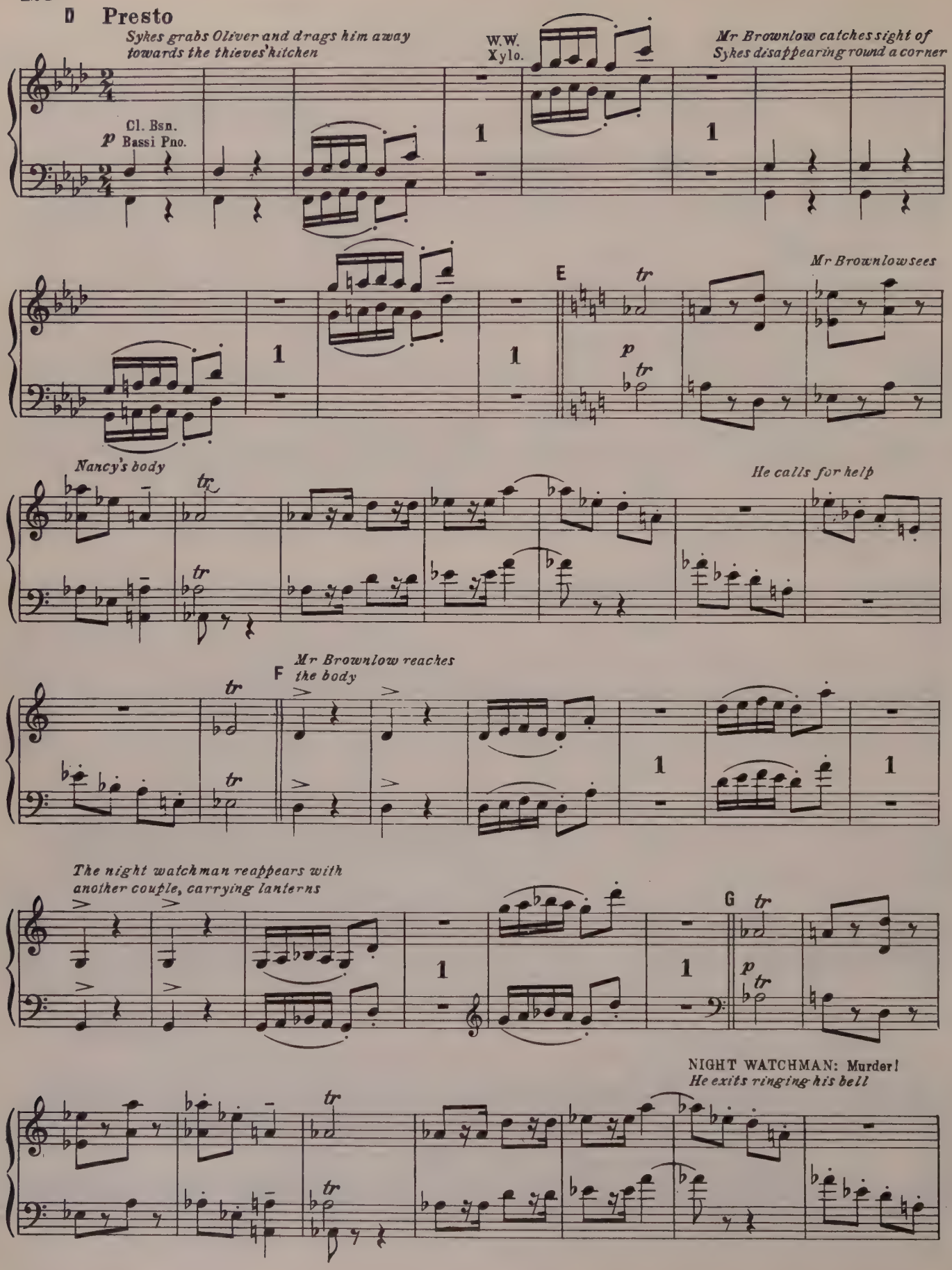
Sykes chases her
add Hn.
add Tmb.
Timp.

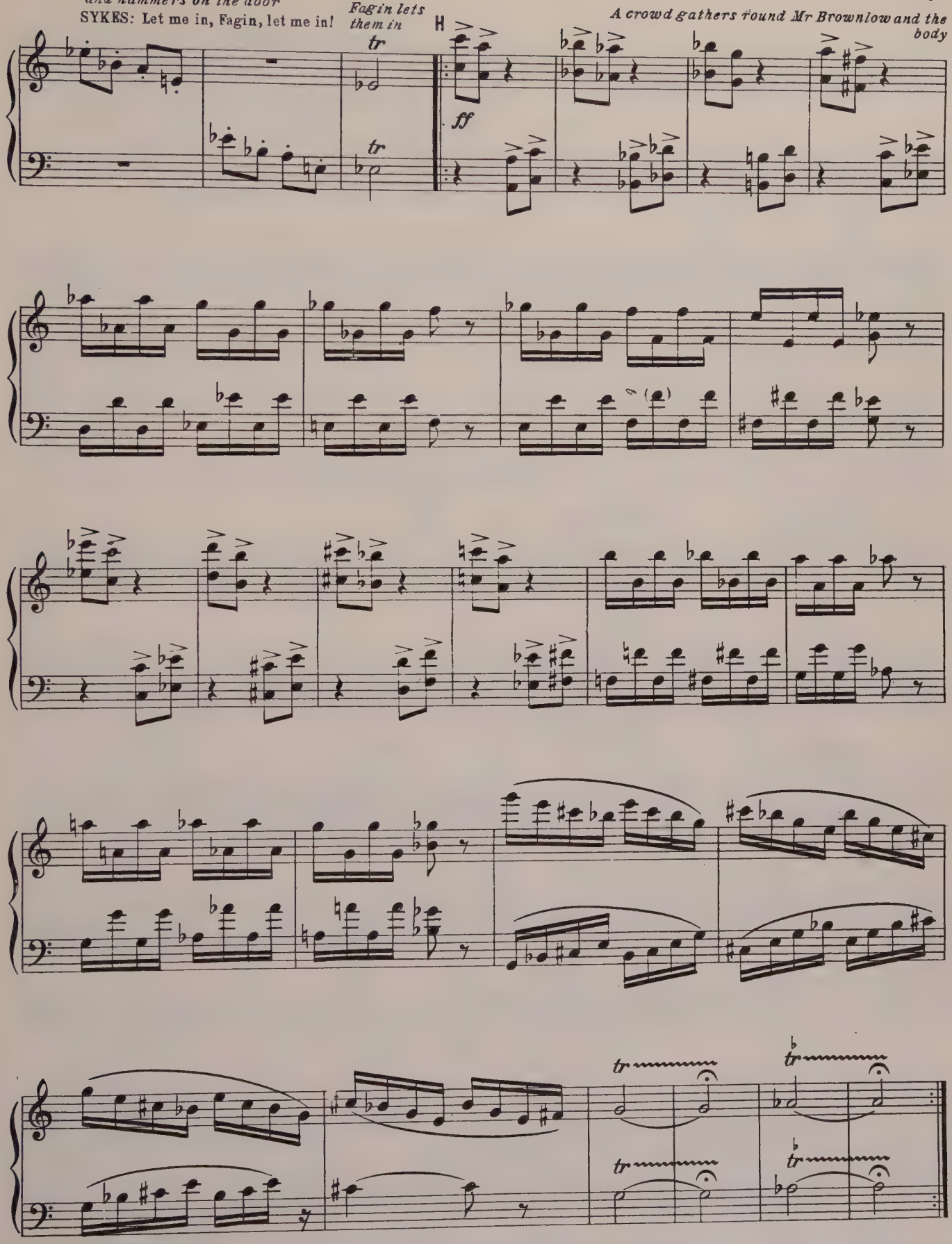
poco più mosso

mf Bsn. Tmb. Cello

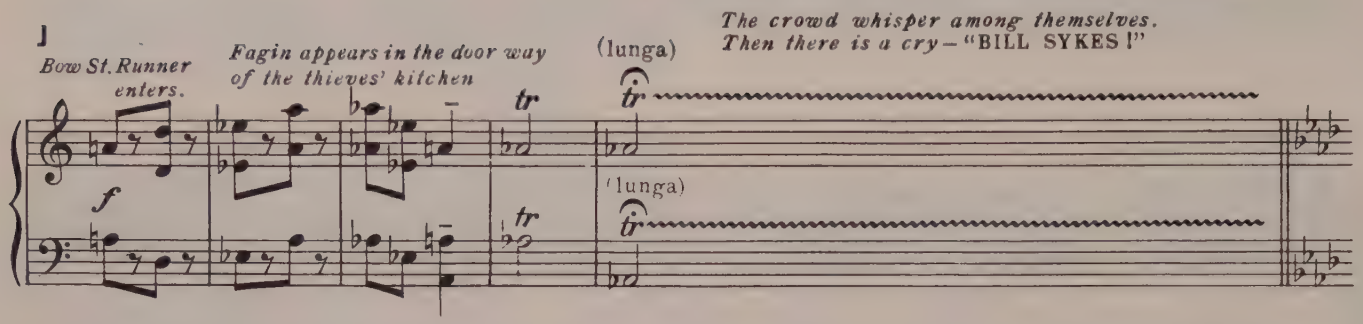
He catches her
Sykes strikes Nancy four times with his pistol
Nancy dies
Sykes backs away appalled at what he has done
p

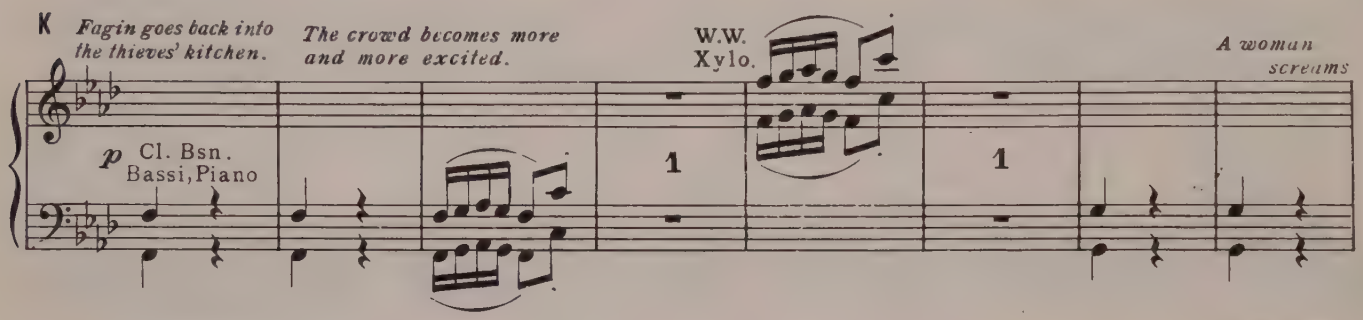
Oliver recovers
A dog barks (off)
Mr Brownlow appears at the far end of the bridge
Tutti *p*

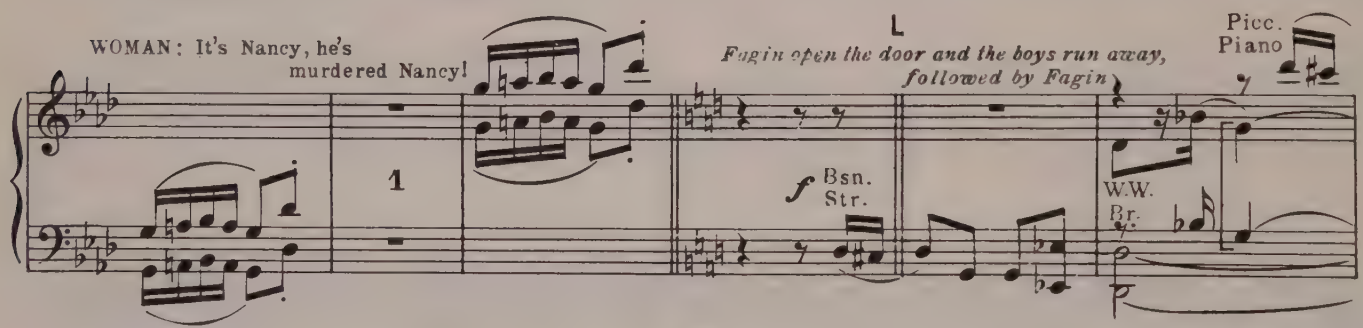

D Presto
Sykes grabs Oliver and drags him away towards the thieves' kitchen
W.W.
Xylo.
Mr Brownlow catches sight of Sykes disappearing round a corner
Cl. Bsn.
p Bassi Pno.
E
Mr Brownlow sees
Nancy's body
He calls for help
F
Mr Brownlow reaches the body
The night watchman reappears with another couple, carrying lanterns
G
NIGHT WATCHMAN: Murder!
He exits ringing his bell

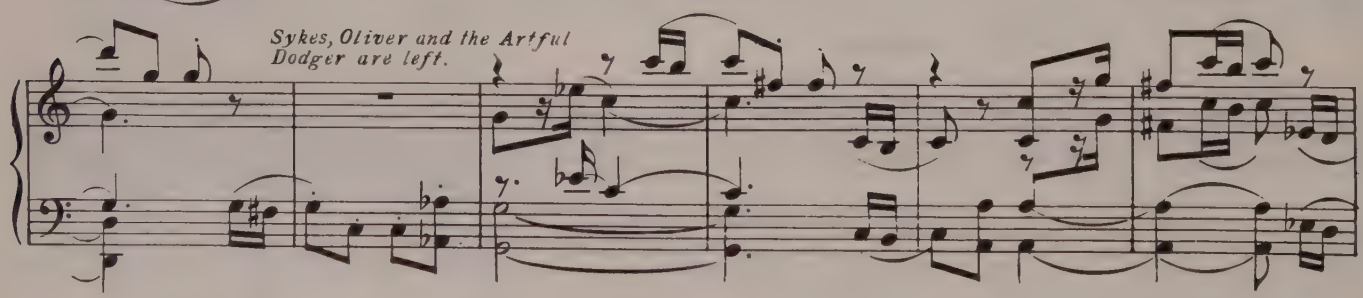

Sykes reaches the thieves' kitchen and hammers on the door
SYKES: Let me in, Fagin, let me in!
Fagin lets them in
H
ff
A crowd gathers round Mr Brownlow and the body

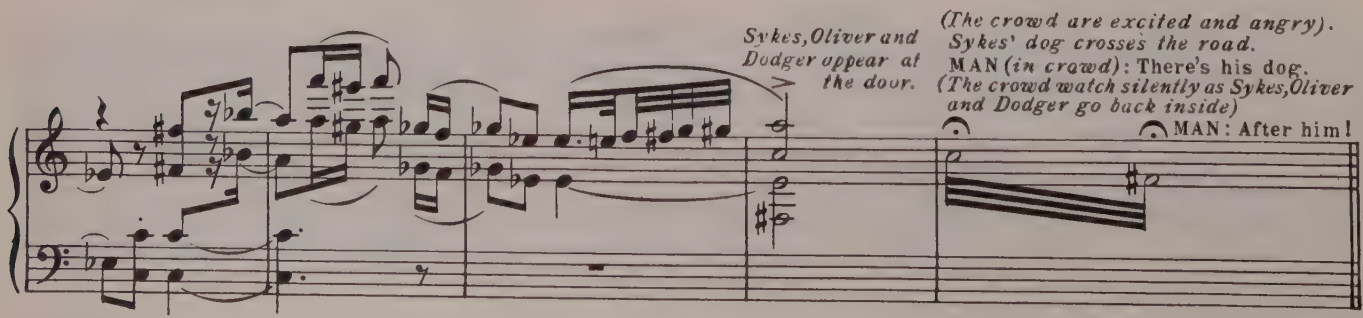
BOW ST. RUNNER *(to crowd)*: Stand back! Stand back
(to Mr. Brownlow): Can you tell us what happened?
MR. BROWNLOW: Well, I came here to meet this poor creature and, as I crossed the bridge I saw somebody disap - pearing rapidly in the opposite direction.
BOW ST. RUNNER: Can you tell me what he looked like, sir?
MR. BROWNLOW: He was a broad shouldered heavily built man.
BOW ST. RUNNER: Anything else?
MR. BROWNLOW: He wore a blue coat and a tall hat.











Oliver

M *The crowd rush to the door of the thieves' kitchen.*

ff

They find a large pole and start to batter

Timp. ad lib.
quasi Battering Ram

on the door.

N *Sykes with, Oliver tethered to him appears climbing over the roof tops.*

SMALL BOY: Look there he is!
CROWD : After him let's get him!
SYKES : Stand back or I'll kill the boy.

(The crowd retreat in silence while Sykes and Oliver climb.) A soldier raise his pistol and shoots Sykes.

Sykes' body falls to the ground.

Timp. ad lib. etc.

Timp.

Oliver

Oliver is helped to safety and taken to Mr Brownlow.
(The crowd roar approval)

ff

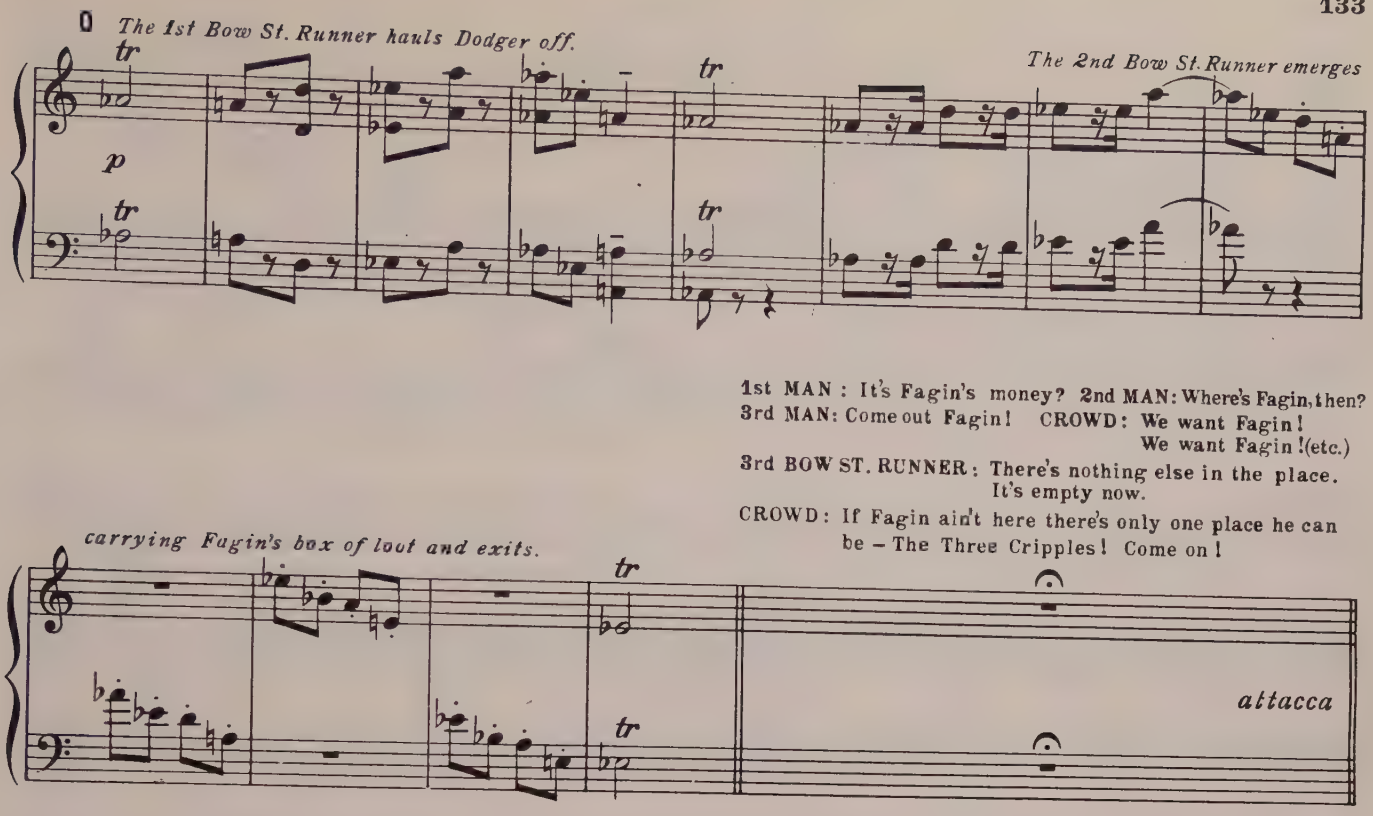
The crowd pick up the pole and start to batter down the door again

Timp. ad lib.

They come out leading Dodger.
DODGER: Do you realise who you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery that is what it is! Wakin' a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning. Shame on you! Shame on you! If only my attorney was here — but he's having breakfast with the Vice President of the House of Commons.

The door gives way and the Bow St. Runners enter the thieves' kitchen.

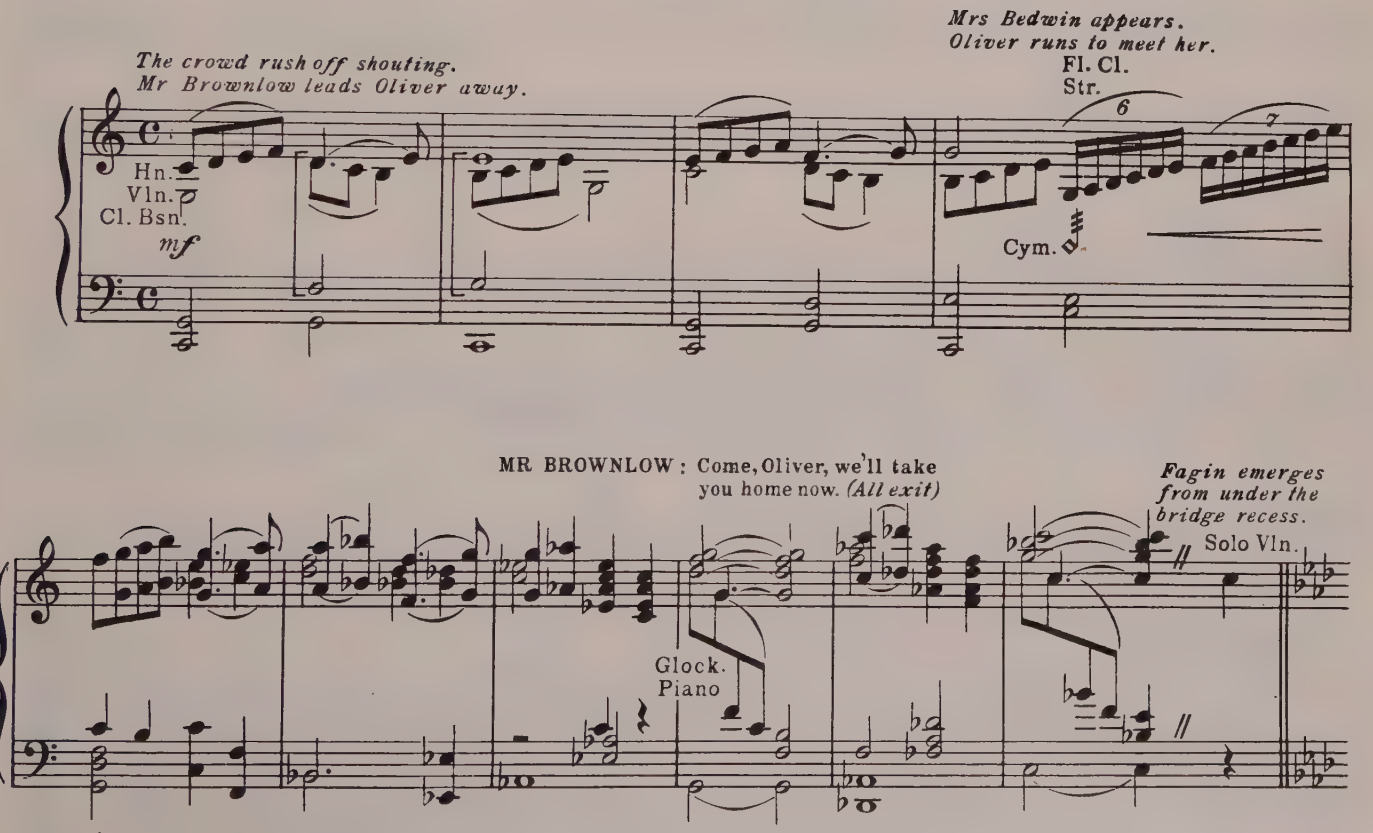
Timp. etc.



No 28

REPRISE – (Fagin)

"REVIEWING THE SITUATION"



Fagin

Can

a piacere

dim. - - - p

FAG

some - bo-dy change? It's pos-sib-le. May - be it's strange but it's pos-sib-le. All my

Vln. (8va)

Vln.

colla voce

FAG

bo-som com-pan-ions and trea-sures, I've left them be - hind. I'll

FAG

turn a leaf o - ver and who can tell what I may find?

Cor A.
Hn.

p

Alone and friendless, Fagin walks over the bridge off into the dawn

Maestoso

CURTAIN

Tutti

ff

Segue

No 29

Finale

REPRISE — (Boys)

"FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD"

The curtain rises

♩ = 160

W.W.
Str.

Boys

Food glo - ri - ous food!

W.W.

BOYS

Hot sau-sage and mus - tard! While we're in the

BOYS

mood Cold jel - ly and eus - tard! B Pease

BOYS

pud-ding and sa - ve-loys "What next?" is the ques - tion

Mr Brownlow and Oliver enter followed by a pauper assistant who bears a large hamper of food.

rall.

BOYS

Rich gent-le-men have it boys In - dye - ges - tion!

rall.

attacca

Oliver

No. 30

REPRISE– (Company)

"CONSIDER YOURSELF"

OLIVER (*spoken*) Help yourself, lads!

(♩. = 120)

The company walk down

Company

C

Con - si-der your-self

W.W. Br.

ALL

at home Con - si-der your-self One of the fa-mi-ly

W.W. Cello

ALL

We've ta-ken to you so strong. It's clear

ALL

D

we're go-ing to get a-long. Con - si-der your-self well in

W.W. Cello

ALL

— Con - si-der your-self part of the fur - ni-ture There is-n't a lot

ALL

to spare Who cares what ev-er we've got we

ALL

E *pp*

share If it should chance to be we should see some hard - er days. Emp-ty lard - er days

Br. *pp*

W.W. W.W. Br.

ALL

Why grouse? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some-bo-dy to foot the bill

W.W. W.W.

ALL

Then the drinks are on the house Con -

W.W.

F

cres - cen - do - poco - a - poco

ALL

-si-der your-self our mate We don't want to have

cres - cen - do - poco - a - poco

W.W. Cello

ALL

no fuss For af - ter some con - si - der-a - tion

W.W.

Tutti

ALL

we can state Con - si-der your-self One of us!

ff *rall.* (♩. = ♩) *Curtains as called for*

ff *rall.* *attacca*

Nº 31 REPRISE– (Oliver and Company)

"I'D DO ANYTHING"

G Oliver (♩ = 120)

I'd do a-ny-thing For you, dear, a-ny-thing. For you mean

W.W.

Str.

pp

Oliver and Company

H

OLI

ev-'ry-thing To me. I know that I'd go a-ny-where For

ppp

ppp

ALL

your smile, a-ny-where— For your smile ev-'ry-where I'd see

J

cresc. poco a poco

ALL

Let the clouds of grey come a-long Nev-er mind if they

pp

Str.
Br.

cresc. poco a poco

ALL

come a-long Sure-ly they won't stay ve-ry long If you'll on-ly say You're mine a-lone.

tr

Oliver

K *f*

ALL

I'd risk ev-ry-thing For this bliss ev-'ry-thing Yes I'd do

W.W.

Str. *f*

rall. *allarg.* Maestoso CURTAIN

ALL

a-ny-thing, *a-ny-thing* for you!

rall. *allarg.* *ff* Timp. *Fine*

Nº 32 EXIT MUSIC

A (♩. = 120)

f Tutti

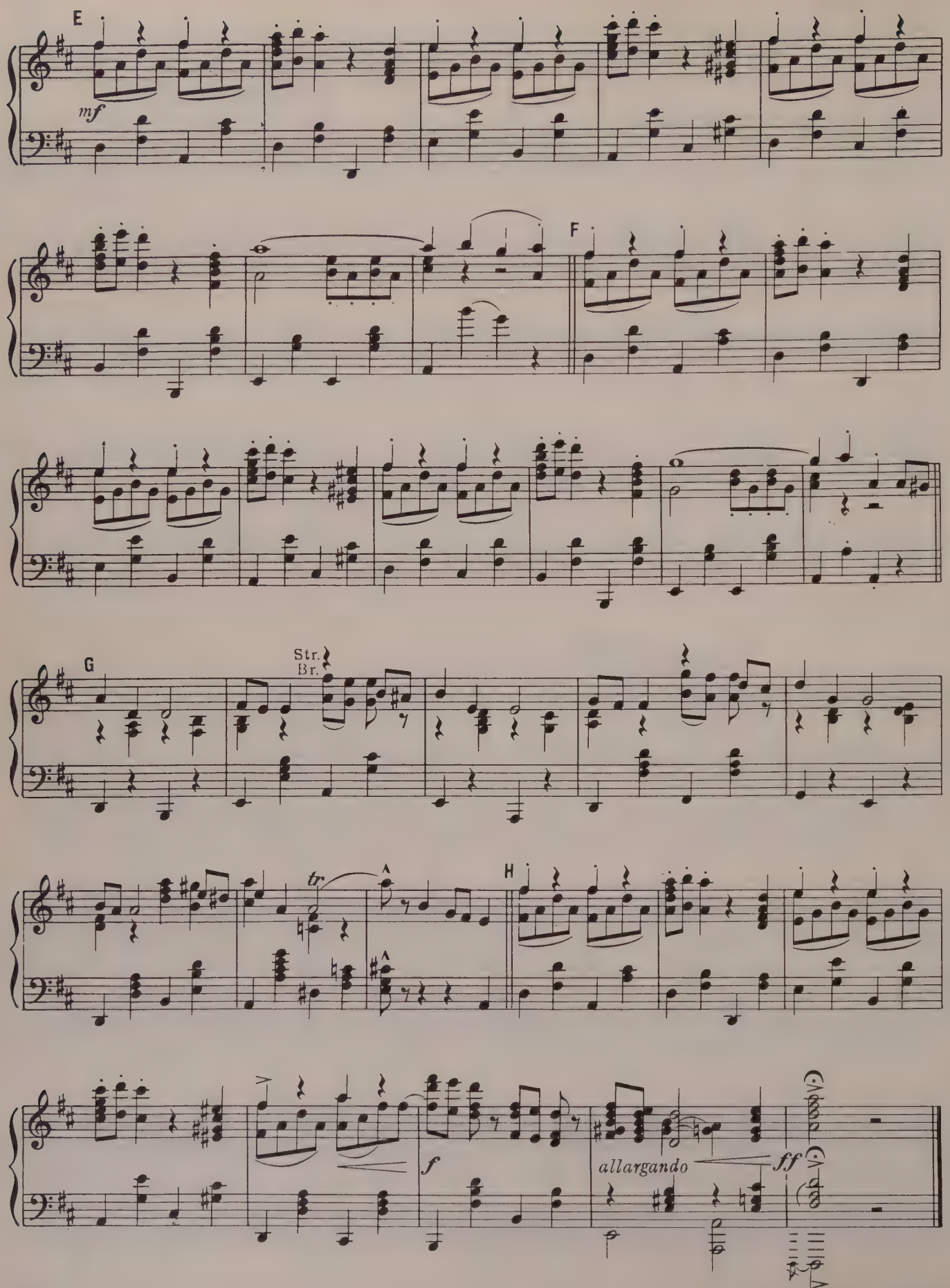
1 2 mf

f mf

W.W. f ff mf D

f cresc.

ff (♩. = ♩)



End of Opera

oliver!

BY

LIONEL BART

LAKEVIEW MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
ESSEX HOUSE,
19-20 POLAND STREET, LONDON W1V 3DD.

LK 5608 B